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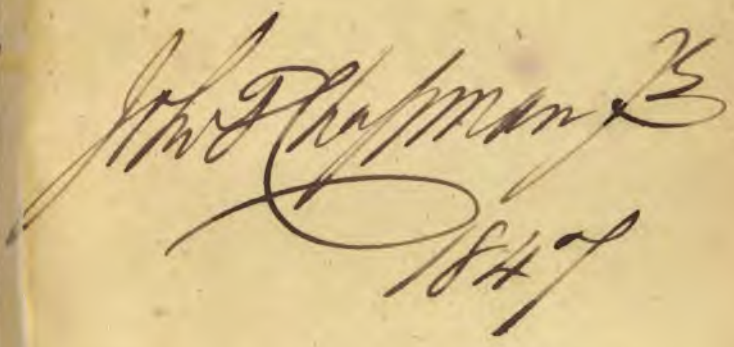

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The Soldier's Widow.

London, Henry Colburn, 1846.

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MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,

THE

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER,

WIFE, AND WIDOW.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD,

RECTOR OF WORTHAM, AND RURAL DEAN.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

Old associations are not easily forgotten. Man is a reflecting creature, ever measuring the present by the past, and thinking of what he was in years gone by. He who reaches days of mature wisdom, and looks even at the handwriting of his childhood, his first holiday letter to a dear mother, perhaps, is astonished to see the difference of character in the writing. Is his the hand that wrote that formal announcement of the happy period of Christmas, when the terror

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of a blow from the heavy hand of discipline, on account of a blot, a mistake, a line left out, or a word mis-spelt, fell upon the young mind? All those terrors are gone, the hands of the teacher perchance, are cold in death, and yet the warm blood runs for a while in your own, as, with the freedom of thought, you transcribe the ideas of a vivid memory, or speak of things as they have existed in your day.

But you cannot restrain the tear when you look upon the words, "dear father," or "dear mother." They are gone! dearest friends of your life, they are gone, and all the associations of Christmas, love, and fun, and frolic, the bountiful board, the merry tale, the puzzle, the charade, the Christmas-box, the dance beneath those dear eyes, with all the excitement of pleasing one fair one, whom you felt you would love with all your heart. The tear will fall, at the thought that these joys are gone, and that they who shared them with you are stern in death.

Old associations are not easily forgotten. You

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remember them, reader, with intense vividness of reminiscence; and, if your heart be good, you will respond to the reflection that, though lost to sight, they are still dear to memory. Cold is that man's Christian sympathy, who can call to mind a mother's tender care in the hour of sickness or misfortune, or a father's protecting hand while in the too thoughtless career of youth, and not perceive how the grace of God softens the agonies of human regrets, by the sweet hope of meeting, in a happier world, those friends who have set us a good example in this; who did for us all they could, by commending us to God, teaching us to depend upon Him, and promoting by every means in their power, our present and future comfort. Blessed associations! even in our deepest regrets ye fill our souls with gratitude to that great God who is the giver of all good, and the friend of the orphan and the widow!

If, reader, you can remember your boyhood, and have felt the joy of the approaching holidays, recall to your memory the old associations of

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parent, brother, sister, friend, and companion—perhaps, too, the remembrance of some faithful old domestic of your father's who may have been your nurse, may come across your mind—and you will enter into the spirit of a letter written by a brave soldier, who had lost his mother, but loved her memory; and who had a most grateful feeling of respect for a father, whom he had never but once seen, but who had given him that which was better than mere life or money—a good education. The proceedings of a son in search of his father, might furnish matter for a new work; but this is not a fiction, and the words of the actor in the scene are more descriptive than any which a mere inventor could pen.

"Ten Bells, Norwich,

"August 10, 1815.

"My dear wife,

"I would not write to you before the object of my journey should be completed, and now that it is so, I will endeavour to describe to you some of the sensations I have experienced, in visiting again

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the scenes of my childhood, after all the horrors of the late war.

"I find twenty years have made a great many changes in the human countenance, as well as in the face of things, which used to look so very great to my young eye. Whether it be the grand scenes of the Pyrenees, with their immense height and extensive prospects, that opened my eyes to the magnitude of things, certain it is that I found those very scenes which used to appear so great, and which I expected to view in the same light, appear so very small, as to create in me the utmost astonishment. The market-place at Norwich, which I paraded in the days of my recruit's dignity, though exactly the same size, seemed but a small square, and even the Castle Hill, to reach the summit of which used to seem to me an exploit, was no more to my eye than a small knoll.

"The dear old landlady, whose kindness I shall never forget, is not living, but her daughter still lives in the same house. I have been to Hingham. Yes, I walked along that very road which I took

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to Norwich, and, as I left the city, I thought of our good old friend, Dan, and his word of command; 'Halt! Right about face! Heads up!' I cannot describe the sensations which crept over my mind. I was returning, a tall, grown-up man, with a martial eye and steady step, along a road which the last time I trod it, my young steps were without any certain end before them. How different did I now feel! I belonged to my King and country. I had been in no light campaign, I had gained experience in many a hard-fought battle, and was well in strength of body and mind to visit again my native land. You may be assured, my dear, that I did most devoutly give thanks to God for his mercies. My prayers to Him made me walk with more manly vigour, and strengthened me in the purpose I had in view. Norfolk looked a flat country to me, after my wanderings in the mountains; still, every face I met told me of a people to whom I felt attached.

"As I approached Hingham, I almost went down on my knees with thankfulness. My heart bounded with

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such eagerness, as I passed the green lane of Kimberley Park and thought of Lord Wodehouse's gamekeeper! People stared at the red coat, and wondered who I was. I arrived at my uncle's cottage. Ay, at that gate from which I, eighteen years ago, departed. None actually knew me! My aunt thought it must be me; and, I am happy to tell you I was most kindly received by them! My uncle's asperity was all gone, and I was made as much of as you could wish me to have been. But how shall I describe my sensations upon visiting the old free-school, and renewing my former acquaintance with friends whom I never expected to see again! All I can say is, that it has proved a most unexpected reward, to which I had no right to lay claim. I would gladly have fished again in the old Mere; but I had other things to think of. I was there on Sunday, and joined again in worshipping God in that place to which my heart often reverted when in a foreign land. The same service, the spot sacred to the first breathings of my young spirit, concurred to concentrate my thoughts upon

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God and His goodness; and, if I were an object of curiosity to many, I knew it not, for thoughts too deep to be diverted were present to my mind.

"A new window is finishing in the east end of the church, with stained glass of great value, with the most prominent events of our Saviour's mission. But I was most deeply engaged in the service of our church, and truly thankful was I for deliverance from sudden death, when so often exposed to the chance of it. Never did the simplicity of our form of worship strike me more forcibly than at this moment, when the words of my mouth accompanied the meditations of my heart, with a perfect understanding of every word I had used in my youth, which I now felt to be the support of my manhood.

"These things all tended to strengthen my mind for the great object I had in view in coming into Norfolk, and on Monday morning, I started for my important mission. I felt as I journeyed on, that my position was a strange one, and what the issue might be I could not conceive: but, as I knew

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that the worst could be but a rebuke, I did not hesitate. Yet I own, my dear wife, that I felt very strangely, as, after a walk of twenty miles, I entered the——Inn, and sat down to consider the steps I ought to take. N——is a long, straggling village, but my father's house appeared one of the best in the place, in which there are several good ones. When I looked at the house, I could not help thinking of the crown he gave me, when a boy, and of the kindness of his manner towards my aunt, whom I then took to be my mother. Still, I felt much more determined than I had ever done. Even the siege of Badajos, terrible as it was in every respect, did not shake my nerves or make me feel so quick a breathing and palpitation at my heart, as the sight of my father's house. I asked myself a thousand times, 'Will he care about me? What am I to him? He knows me not! He has forgotten me; and perhaps he will drive me from his door.' All my former pride seemed gone, and I was irresistibly drawn, as it were, from quite a different motive, to approach his mansion. At one time I thought of

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going in person ; then again of making a confidant of some one in the place ; and, with all these revolving ideas, I returned again to the —— inn, and sat myself down in the bar.

"I asked the landlord several questions about the gentry of the neighbourhood—about the employment of the people, the charities of the place, and came by degrees to speak personally of the inhabitants, and at last to the very point I wished to come to. "What kind of man is Squire ——?" 'He is a good-hearted, charitable gentleman, very rich and very generous.' I did not fail to ask, indifferently, many other questions.—Can you give me pen and paper, landlord? I want to write a note to Squire —— about a young fellow whom he was once very kind to, and who was in my regiment during the late war. Have you any one who can take a note up to his house?'—'O yes! we will soon accommodate you. You had better come into the parlour.'

"I went accordingly, into the green painted room, where a table, with a large black waiter, and a mahogany tea-caddy upon a green cloth, stood on one

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side of the room, a portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the other; portraits of Lord Wodehouse and Mr. Coke, and a list of farmers forming a Saturday's Club, hung over the chimney place. A small table was brought to the window; pens, ink, and paper were placed thereupon, and the worthy landlord left me to myself, and I dare say thought me a long while concocting my epistle; I believe I began three different sheets before I could reconcile myself to the manner in which I ought to address my father. I believe it was the consciousness that I was using the last sheet of paper in the house that made me get on as well as I did. I will transcribe my words as nearly as I can.

"'August 7th, 1815.

"'Sir,

"'A young man, who has been in all the Peninsular battles, is returned to his native country, simply for the purpose of making himself known to his father. He trusts that the testimonials herein enclosed, from his commanding officer and others, to whom he has been personally known for many

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years, will prove satisfactory to any parent. He is the son of S—— B——, who married the man whose name the writer bears; but if all that an attached mother has declared be true, he will not meet with an unkind reception at the hands of one, who was, as far as regarded pecuniary matters, a friend to her. The writer of this letter comes not in distress, to ask alms, or to seek the protection of his father. He has been, and is, a British soldier, and does not, at this time, want anything. Had he done so, he was urged by his parent to make application to his father, and was assured that his wishes would be attended to. He comes with a desire to perform a duty, which at one time he could never have done, because a refractory and roving spirit prompted his natural pride to scorn the entreaties of a kind parent and the advice of his friends! Maturity of judgment, dangers, trials, and, above all things, the experience of Christian feelings in his heart, have recalled to his mind those more tender emotions, which a soldier may be proud to cherish. He remembers the first moment he discovered his

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true father, and that father's generosity, when, with the kindness of a gentleman, and never-to-be-forgotten liberality, he gave the boy who held his horse upon the Norwich road, at Hingham, his first crown. That boy now writes this at the —— inn, and with such feelings of respect as conquer all his past violent passions, and make him appeal to the natural heart of an English Gentleman. If he appeal not in vain, that father will, before he leaves N——, give him the opportunity of acknowledging in person, that he is

"'His affectionate and dutiful son,

"'THOMAS HEWITT.

"'To —— Esq.'

"I was a long time before I finished this letter, though you know I am not generally at a loss for words. The evening began to close in before I sent it up to the mansion. I had to apologize to the landlord, for my stupidity in not being able to write without destroying his paper; but, as he brought me four sheets, and I was quite ready to pay for them,

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of course I was welcome. I requested permission to remain where I was, and to have a Norfolk paper, my pipe, and my porter, brewed, as he said, in London, from malt made in that district.

"I could not read—I could not eat. I did both, however, mechanically; my eye wandered about the paper, but my thoughts were upon the letter; my mouth ate the bread, but my stomach was not very grateful for it. An hour passed away, and I kept thinking that my application would be fruitless: another and another, and my heart began to sink. I walked about the room—I thought my letter over. Was there anything improper in it? Could he be offended? I began to doubt whether I ought to have written exactly as I did: but my conscience told me there was nothing passionate in it, and that I had done right. I might have thought that the gentleman was at dinner, and could not perhaps leave his family at such a time. I found such to be the case, for, soon after this, I heard a rap at the front door, and a voice called out:

"'Landlord, is there a soldier here?' 'Yes, Sir.'

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'Where is he?' 'In the parlour, Sir. Will you walk in, Sir?' And in walked a tall, handsome, portly squire, with a blue coat, bright buttons, hessian boots, and a cane with a gold knob on it in his hand.

"'Leave us a few minutes, landlord, I want to speak to this young man.' And he surveyed me with a glance, seemingly of decided approbation.

"'Is your name Thomas Hewitt?' 'It is, Sir.' 'Then you may shake hands with me, young man; I like the spirit of your letter, and I like your appearance.'

That moment rewarded me. It was worth all my labour. It was sweet to me, indeed; and, as I shook hands with my father, I can truly say, my dear wife, I felt as I would my son should feel towards myself.

"'Now, if I were alone in the world, young man,' said he, 'you should share my house and home with me. Why did you not make application to me before? I would have bought you a commission. I would

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have brought you forward in your profession, and have made a man of you. Why did you not write to me?'

"Because I thought it better to be independent; and something seemed to say that you would be ashamed of me.'

"So, you were ashamed of me; and I have been so of myself. Well, young man, pray God forgive us both! What now, in common justice, can I do to serve you?"

"'Oh, Sir! I want nothing at the present time; but I have a wife and one child in Ireland, and may probably have a family more numerous than I can exactly support: and, should such be the case, may I appeal to your generosity for assistance? I am by no means deficient at the present time, and I never get into debt. I am blest with a talent for music, which brings me in more than my pay, and I have a good wife, who is not afraid of work, and who has accompanied me in all my battles. She was born at Gibraltar, and her name was Wellington. Her father was an artilleryman, and was killed at Cadiz. Her mother is, I believe, still living.'

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"'Your wife had a good name, and I believe she has changed it for that of a good young man; and, if I can do anything to serve you, I will. How long have you been in the army?'

"'Eighteen years, Sir.'

"'Would you like to leave it?'

"'I do not think either my wife or I should, as long as we can remain as happy as we are, and as healthy, in it. But, perhaps, the army may be reduced, and, as I am only second sergeant, I might come under the reduction; if so, I should then, perhaps, require a friend; or my time of service may expire—or the regiment may be disbanded.'

"'Well! well! perhaps, as you have been so long in it, you had better complete your term of service, and you will be entitled to a pension, and anything I may then do for you, may be an additional comfort. What leave of absence have you?'

"'I have a fortnight from the first of August, and one week is now gone; as I march on foot, I must soon be journeying again to Liverpool.'

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"'Well, young man, I am glad I have seen you, and I shall be happy to hear more of you and of your adventures. In the meantime, as an earnest of my good intentions towards you, there are fifty guineas. I insist upon your taking them, and now, God bless you!'

"I will confess, Mary, that I could not help crying, though I had so often been in scenes of agony, without a tear. Oh, how different are things which touch the heart, to those which touch only the flesh! The gentleman—for he was one, though not a fine unfeeling one—and more rough and open in his manners than if he had lived all the days of his life in a drawing-room—shook me heartily by the hand, and I know his heart went with his hand, for a tear stole down his cheek, though his voice did not falter nor his face change colour. Yet he sighed too, as he said, more like a Norfolk sailor than an easy gentleman: 'You are a brave young fellow, and if I had been on board a man-of-war at Trafalgar, or had been a

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Picton or a Ponsonby at Waterloo, I should like to have commanded just such a band of Britons as a hundred like yourself. God bless you, my boy!'

"And so, Mary, my father left me, and I had as happy a night of reflection as a poor son who felt nothing but the claims of nature and an honest heart could feel. I had done right, my heart told me so; and not all the world could persuade me otherwise, since I compromised no honour, but did my duty as I ought. Next morning I left N——, and returned again to Norwich. I know you will think it no robbery from yourself, when I devote a small sum to the daughter of the good landlady who was so kind to my mother. I feel glad that, of my own accord, I have fulfilled her wishes in visiting my father. His present generosity will preclude any application to him, unless you, my dear, or my family, may be so situated as to be beyond the pale of my own exertions to provide for you. I shall start for Liverpool to-morrow, and, hoping this letter may

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reach you, and find you and our dear babe in health, believe me,

"Your affectionate husband,

"THOMAS H. HEWITT.

"To

"Mrs. Hewitt,

"Sergeant's Wife,

"48th Band, Limerick or elsewhere, Ireland,"

This was the first time the young man ever introduced the H, between the plain names of Thomas and Hewitt, though he had been christened by the full name to which he was entitled. The writer of these pages would gladly have recorded many things here mentioned, in a different manner; but truth demands that, in the history which these pages profess to give to the world, when a fact is known to be so prominent, it be not rejected. It would be infinitely pleasanter to have made this brave fellow the legal as well as natural offspring of truly wedded parents, and the author regrets that he was not so. He wishes every man

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was so. He looks not upon marriage as a sacrament, but as an ordinance of God; the first—the oldest—the most innocent, and therefore the most sacred bond of unity ever ordained for man's comfort, and not to be violated with impunity; though a guilty world and light views of morality and religion may induce fashionable levity to slight its sacred institution, and to make it a mere conventional compact, the dissolution or violation of which is without deep sin.

Sorrow, trouble, and anxiety, every man will experience in his domestic course. Happy he, whose conscience bears him out in his walk with God, through all his trials; and, if he have a partner, sharing them with him, who by her gentleness of disposition, amiable conduct, and Christian piety, sustains his integrity, she adds to his honour and glory, as every honest man does to his head—his God.

What is a walk from Norwich to Liverpool, to a soldier who has walked from Lisbon to Toulouse? It is but a smooth and pleasant journey, when contrasted with the opposition of a hostile

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force, pervading mountain districts, and ready to cut off every traveller who may venture upon the way. Resolution and exertion, if accompanied by patience and perseverance, will perform prodigies. But this was no great feat to be performed by a British soldier, who was returning to an attached wife and a young child, after having been absent upon one of the most interesting occasions of his life.

He had seen and had been well received by his father, and enjoyed a tranquillity of heart, to which, comparatively speaking, he had previously been a stranger. He had now found a set-off to the loss of his old companion, Dan Long; and his heart rejoiced to find a void filled up with a friendship upon which he had certainly more natural claims. He was unconscious of having done any wrong. He might want a friend one day, and he was now assured that he had met with one to whom any appeal might be made without fear. He reached Liverpool and sailed for Ireland, arrived duly at the barracks, and found many of his old companions

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glad to receive him: neither last nor least, his affectionate wife, who had shared the toils of battle, and now shared a day of peace with him.

"I am rejoiced, my dear," she said, "to find that your reception has been so pleasant to you. I received your letter but three days since, and I thought you would not be long behind it. Our child is thriving, and will, I hope, with God's blessing, live to be a man."

"I wish it may be so, indeed! I have been more happy in my visit to Norfolk than I expected. Generosity and heartiness, without any unkind reserve, seemed to be the characteristic traits of my father's behaviour. He did not receive me with any affectation, but with the kindness of a man who felt that his intentions were upright with regard to myself; and, I can truly say, I felt respect and love for him. He has promised to befriend me at any future time, and I hope God will preserve him for many years. I desire not to share his mansion with him, as long as I can do my duty to my God, my sovereign, and your-

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self, in the situation in which I am placed. It would be no particular delight to me to be elevated above my comrades, but it is a particular pleasure to me to know that in a rainy day I may hope to find shelter."

"I love your spirit, Thomas, as I always did; and I have no fears that the same God who has hitherto shaded our heads through the days of battle will desert us in the day of peace."

Little did they think how soon they should have to depart from Ireland, for the furthermost quarter of the globe. But the next chapter will shew that she who had to follow a good husband upon land, had not long to rest before being called upon to undertake the longest voyage which the soldiers of Great Britain have to perform.

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CHAPTER II.

THE BROAD SEA.

WHO can leave Ireland without regret, let him be soldier or civilian, king or peasant, prince or prime minister, lord or servant! There is such an inherent vivacity in the people, such natural talent, such open generosity and kind-hearted philanthropy, the man must be without any warmth of heart himself who can forget a people whom he has visited as a stranger, or been recommended to, either for private or public virtue.

It is said of the Irish, that they make their way better among foreigners than the English. It may

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be that they throw off any reserve of character better, and invite that hospitality from others which they are so ready themselves to shew to strangers. It is certain that they have more tact, more address, more smartness of speech, and are far less timid and nervous in their use of the tongue, than their more retired and thoughtful brethren of England or Scotland.

There is in the Irish character, moreover, a kind of interesting self-devotion to any cause they advocate, which is very taking, from the zealous warmth with which they press forward in the work. This warmth is something like that of our continental neighbours, the French; overpowering, quite overwhelming for the time, and almost stupifying the astonished mind of the less rapturous Englishman; and in the Irish this warmth is more lasting and enduring than in our Gallic friends. You may take the professions of an Irishman, as sincere for the time they last; but you must take the professions of a Frenchman for the moment, with the utmost politeness, and let them pass over your head and heart

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with as much indifference as you would take his proffered pinch of snuff. Of course there are exceptions, and the peasantry of France every nation upon earth knows to be the most genuinely kind and most tenderly hospitable in the world; but the educated, the initiated, the enlightened, the polite, all know the world and its conventional forms too well, to admit for a moment any simplicity of heart or real sincerity of purpose in their professions.

John Bull must be gulled, indeed—as he is for a time, till experience opens his eyes, and abhorrence of insincerity takes place—if he long fails in forming a true estimate of French manners. God forbid that we should make an exchange of honesty for politeness, however pleasing. Better, better far is it for us to undergo the sarcastic accusation of being seen to blush when we fail in politeness, than to be seen adepts in fashionable levity, without a blush for a falsehood or a crime.

Though Ireland be hospitable, and her sons and

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daughters especially engaging: yet, as wisdom is superior to all external qualifications, long may Englishmen cultivate its lessons, and form their characters upon its strength.

But the narrative must not be forgotten, in these disquisitions upon other things. Our heroine and her husband met with many attentions in Ireland. They were respected by those who knew their history, and she, being of Irish parents, met with many a kind reception among her countrywomen. Independently of this, she was respected on account of her long, indefatigable services in the Peninsular War. Her husband's musical abilities brought him into notice, and he enjoyed his stay in Ireland equally with his wife. But the 48th were ordered to New South Wales, to relieve the 47th, then in barracks at Sydney.

"What say you, Mary, to the change?" said Hewitt to his wife. "Shall I, or shall I not apply for my discharge? What do you think of a voyage to our antipodes?"

"I am ready, my dear, as I said when I first

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married, to go wherever your duty and your honour call you. You have taken the oath of service for any part of his Majesty's dominions, so that if you intend to fulfil your father's advice, you have no alternative but to obtain an exchange or go yourself; and, if you go, then I go with you."

"We have had but short rest after all our dangers, and now we have to go to the end of the world, upon convict duty, which is but little better, dear wife, than convict slavery."

"Say not so, my dear husband! If the respect of man be worth having, wide is the difference between a soldier and a convict. Shame, or a sense of degradation and crime, do not accompany any man in the performance of an honourable duty. Nor does a man entertain any idea of wrong when, in the conscientious fulfilment of the duties of that station God has placed him in, he acts with firmness, as unto God, and not as unto man alone. It will be my duty to lighten the hours of your leisure, and I do not suppose that you will be

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wholly employed in keeping gangs of convicts at their work."

"I confess I am disappointed, wife, at being ordered so far from home. I suppose it is because we were not at Waterloo. I could not help that; but I ought to be ashamed of myself to need an admonition upon duty from you. I must write and tell my father we are going, and the long voyage will be a good opportunity for me to fulfil his request, by giving him a succinct account of my past life. You must pardon my momentary grumbling; but, as old Dan used to say, 'Let an Englishman have his grumble out, and he will always do his duty.' So will I, dear wife, do mine."

"I never doubted it, my dear, and God forbid that I should fail to support you in it! We have both been wonderfully preserved in many severe trials, and we must trust to Him who guides the winds and waves with Almighty hand, to shew us the same mercy unto the end. We are both pretty good sailors,

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Hewitt, and may improve our time on board a ship, and be as happy as we could be in an Irish cabin."

"Enough, my dear, I am content! Not a word ought I to utter against your good doctrine; so I shall set about providing for the voyage, what comforts I can procure for you and our boy."

Who would be without a good wife if he could help it? She will do you good all the days of your life, support your head, and enable you to walk among your companions with honour. Wide is the difference between a good and a bad wife—as wide as between honour and dishonour—health and disease—light and darkness. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.' A stronger epithet the wisest man could not have used. The man who is sensible enough to value the good qualities of mind, temper, and disposition, in his partner, above the sordid considerations of gold, will ever honour and cherish her, as he would his own flesh.

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A soldier, yes, a common soldier, and only in the band of his regiment, may have as high a sense of honour and love, as the greatest lord of the land. He may not be compelled to go the same lengths of murder, manslaughter, or as it has been sometimes called, justifiable homicide, as the officer of his regiment conceives himself called upon to go, to prove that his honour is not to be doubted. It would be a fine sight to see common soldiers following their officers' examples, and meeting each other in the deadly duel to prove their honour! The great General would soon put a stop to such proceedings, by executing martial law upon the fiery young fools. Surely then there ought to be a law sufficiently strong, to deter men of the highest rank and highest sense of honour, from such madness. The man who wilfully insults another is himself a coward, let his size, rank, or wealth be what it may, and he ought to be consigned to contempt, and not to the notoriety of a bold exploit of mad passion, a direct violation of the laws of God. But honour was a mutual trust, between our

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heroine and her husband. They had perfect confidence in each other through their long career of danger, and afforded a lesson of mutual respect, well worthy of any man's approbation.

The regiment was ordered on board. Colonel James Erskine, the commanding officer, was a man well adapted to keep all his junior officers and soldiers in good heart, through a long and tedious voyage. Remarkable for an intelligent mind and for literary pursuits, he encouraged in all beneath him the cultivation of letters, which tended greatly to lighten the burthen of confinement on board. His society was always to be desired, and was always enjoyed, by those who felt his superior attainments. At the same time, he was a disciplinarian, and his orders for muster and for deck duty were as strictly observed on board the Matilda as were the orders of the Captain of the vessel to weigh anchor, unfurl the sails, and keep a good look out ahead, whilst he steered through the Irish Sea from Dublin Bay into St. George's Channel, and away

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into the broad Atlantic, for Sydney, his destination.

Two hundred privates on board, besides the band and officers, women and children, and the crew of the ship, formed a great society assembled in a small compass. It requires good generalship, as well as good management, to keep so great a number of men in good order, good health, and good humour, during a six months' voyage; and those officers deserve the highest respect, who take the opportunity of such times to improve the minds of those placed under their care.

The first few days at sea, in a crowded ship, as every one knows, are sufficiently stirring not to require much interference. Sea sickness and its consequences are felt by most; but, when this is got over, the stomach and brain begin to get accustomed to the rolling motion of the vessel, and to preserve their equilibrium. When, day after day, nothing is to be seen but sky, and cloud, and water; when the vessel is out of the reach even of sea-birds, and the dull monotony of the seaman's call,

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either of the lead or hour, makes the time move heavily—then is it that the minds and hands of the men require the superintending vigilance of an intelligent officer, to give a stimulus to employment.

Colonel Erskine was peculiarly happy in varying the different duties which he required, and in such a judicious manner as to make the crew take an interest in the proceeding.

The hour of muster was early, the exercise regular and not annoying. He encouraged scholastic attainments, and rewarded our heroine's husband for his exertions in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. He had a certain hour for the practice of the band, and took great interest in its advancement; and, when the weather permitted it, he allowed a general promenade on deck.

He encouraged every species of mental as well as industrial employment, so that the Matilda was a floating scholastic institution, in which soldiers learned the use of their heads and hands, and acquired knowledge which proved of the most essential service to them in after life.

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The soldiers' wives and families were equally well attended to, and harmony was preserved on board from the day they left the Channel to the day they entered Sydney Cove. Not that they encountered no storms; but the internal regulations of the ship were so well observed, that but one soldier, one child, and one female, died on board.

Hewitt formed a party which he called his students, and took great pleasure in reading to them aloud, at a certain time, morning and evening, a portion of the Sacred Scriptures; in five months he had read the Bible through, and, in seeking to instruct others, gained himself the greatest and best insight into those concerns which fortified his mind in many an after year.

It was during this voyage that he wrote the history of himself and his wife, copying and sending it to his father after his arrival at Sydney. It is strange that neither it nor the various letters which he wrote ever reached the hands of that parent; he remained in ignorance of his son's movements, and, though he heard that his regiment had sailed for Australia, yet he knew not whether the

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young soldier, who certainly pleased him, were alive or dead. He might feel slighted also, and was hurt at the seeming neglect of the young man.

Our heroine had a serious accident when the vessel was off Rio Janeiro, at which place they touched upon the passage, to take in supplies.

She was on deck, teaching her young son to walk, when, just as she was in the act of giving the child a little water, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, which threw her suddenly down upon her left side, and bruised her so much as to create alarm for her life. A premature confinement with her fourth son was the consequence, and it went so hard with the mother, that her life was at one time despaired of.

Then might be witnessed what a real friend is true affection; it does not desert you in sickness, but takes the warmest interest in your comfort when you are unable to help yourself. The soldier's wife was made aware of her dangerous situation, and knew from the surgeon's manner, that he considered there was but little hope.

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"I know, my dear," she said to her husband, that my case is desperate; and I can see, both by the surgeon's manner and by the interest of my female companions, that they consider my days numbered. I cannot help thinking of you and our children, and how bereft you will be without my help. It is on this account I pray for a longer continuance of life, if it seem good to the Great Giver of all good, to grant my request. But if not, Hewitt, then you and I must part; but I trust to meet you again, when all your campaigns are over. I know you will love your children, and do the best you can for them. I feel very weak."

"Do not despair, my love! The surgeon has not told me of any immediate danger. I will both pray with you and read to you, and will comfort you as well as I am able. I do still trust that it will please God to let you live some years longer, to be a comfort to me and your children. I do not think he has spared you from the horrors of war, to end your days upon the broad sea. Cheer up! cheer up!

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I will tell you exactly what I think, and what I learn from our surgeon. My hopes are very lively still, and I do not despair of better health and brighter days."

"If it be not wrong to hope for such things, I would gladly do so, for I have no objection to be your helpmate for years longer, if God will permit it. But I trust that he will fit me for either life or death, Thomas, that I may live or die to Him, as he sees best for me."

"That is the frame and temper of mind, my dear, that we should all cherish. In battle, we know we run great risk of being cut off. An old man is seldom seen in the army, in time of war. If his sinews begin to fail him, he must give way to young ones, and retire from the fatigues of his march. I shall never forget our dear old friend Dan's death! It was a lesson to us all!"

"Indeed it was, and I wish I may end my days as comfortably as that old man did his. He was faithful to God, his King, and his country; and, if every soldier in England were like him, few armies could

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cope with them. You must read to me, Hewitt, for I take great pleasure in my bible, and find that it introduces me to my last and fast friend, when all others fail me."

The good soldier did not fail to do his duty, in cherishing his partner in sickness as well as in health. He read to her many an hour, conversed with her many more upon what he read, and gave proof of an enlightened mind, which is God's best gift to those who will cultivate it. It pleased God to spare her to him this time; and, though she ever after felt the effects of this fall, yet she lived many, many years, the respected soldier's wife—though she is now the unfortunate soldier's widow.

She revived, though the child sickened. It was baptised by the Captain of the vessel, as there was no Chaplain on board, though two hundred and forty souls were in that vessel. The Naval and Military Bible society had provided the Word of God for the soldiers and sailors, and the Captain was a good Christian. He strictly observed the

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Sabbath day on board his ship, and read the Service of the Church to all, and also an excellent sermon afterwards; and in all these duties Colonel Erskine took his share.

The voyage was prosperous, though tedious. Our heroine lost her babe, which had been named "Paul," because the vessel was then at St. Paul's Island, and she saw it committed to the great deep, the Captain himself reading the Funeral Service. The broad sea thus became a source of remembrance to a mother, who often thinks upon her child, and the vast waters which roll over its little coffin. Faith, however, points to the day when the sea shall yield up its dead, and the faithful mother and child shall live in eternal love.

The broad sea was not without numerous incidents, external as regarded the ocean, and internal as regarded those who were confined in the ship. To an active mind, every day conveys an instructive lesson. Everything is full of wonder, and man scarcely finds his life long enough to survey even the natural wonders of the deep.

The fishes of the sea became objects of interest:

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the flying fish, pursued by dolphins, and actually springing, in their aërial bounds, upon the deck of the vessel; the barnacles, which clove to the sides of the ship, and seemed to breed so fast as to impede her progress. But of all things of interest, to a soldier as well as a sailor, the capture of a shark is not forgotten.

In passing down the coast of South America, several of these monsters of the deep were seen sporting along the ocean, and now and then shewing their single fins above the wave, as well as their long arched tails, whenever a piece of pork or offal was thrown overboard. Of the astonishing rapacity of this creature, every nautical writer has given some account. The wonder is, how the shoals of them which are known to be so numerous around some of the islands, both on the African and American shores, are supplied. They appear always hungry, and will actually fight for anything which is thrown overboard. Woe to the unfortunate boatmen who get capsized within their sight; few can hope to escape.

In one of the morning parades, the soldiers of

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the 48th were indulged with a sight not uncommon to any vessel upon such a voyage—the taking of a shark, and a monster he was.

A strong line, with a few yards of chain and a hook attached to it, was thrown out to a formidable fellow who had been seen for days following in the wake of the ship. All eyes were directed to the line, baited with a huge piece of salt pork, which, as the ship dashed through the sea, had no time to sink, but was dragged along the surface of the waves. Now and then, it might be seen glittering on the azure curve, and presently springing with a jerk through the crown of the spray, whilst two hundred men stood looking anxiously for the shark to seize the bait. At length a man called out from aloft, "the biter is coming!" He could see from his height more directly down upon the surface of the ocean. By and bye, the tail of the brute was seen dashing over the top of a wave.

"Does he look playful, Jem?" said an old sailor to his messmate aloft; "or is he lazy, and rather fine in the nose this morning?"

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"I can scarcely tell you yet. He is too far off the bait. I think he smells it. He comes dashing on at a good pace."

"Does he ride fleet, Jem, on the waters, or do you think he dives, and comes up again from below?"

"He does not go down at all. I can almost trace his back as he comes along, and, to my mind, he's as long as our bowsprit, and as big as the great boat. He is quite on the top of the sea."

"Then we shall have a nibble presently; look sharp to your tackle, my boys!"

"Here he comes, Tom," said the fellow aloft; and every soldier stood on tiptoe.

"Draw the line in, Sam, draw the line in, we may as well all see the fun as have a bite at a distance. Don't stand near the line, comrades, or you may chance to lose a leg before you are aware of it."

The line was now drawn close up towards the lee side of the vessel, and plain enough the huge

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monster was to be seen, watching the pork with a ravenous eye, and playing round it, as much as to say, "What is it?"

"Will he take the bait, Captain?" said a young officer on the quarter deck.

"I can hardly say whether he will or not. He does not like to leave it, and he eyes it as if he would have it. I have seen these creatures play around a living victim a long while before they will dash at him. He seems cautious; but if the men suddenly let go the line, and the bait sinks, we are almost sure he means to have it when it rises again. Let go the line, boys!"

Down sunk the bait, up went the huge tail of the monster, and down he followed the pork, leaving a long streak of foam where his broad fin lashed the wave as he went down.

"Up with it again, boys! Now look out! Take care of your fingers! Look sharp, sir, or he is such a little fellow, you will scarcely see him when he comes up."

Up rose the bait, and came skimming along

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the hollow of the wave, visible to every eye. In another moment, the monster rose, turned upon his side, and came with a dash alongside the vessel, shewing a row of teeth more frightful than the sides of Gibraltar Rock. In an instant he seized the bait, and bore it along the vessel's course till the line was out, and a sudden twang against the gunwale told that the monster had met with a check. Too severe a one was it, however, for him to escape. That very jerk sent the fangs of the hook through his jaw, and he was now forced to go with the ship whether he would or not.

A lively and interesting scene ensued. The monster might be seen springing out of the water, dashing at the line, and striving to break it with his great teeth. His rage was fearful, he lashed the ocean into a foam. He would at one time rush at the vessel as if he meant to fight it, at another dash from it, as if he would break the line. He dived under the ship, he came boiling up again, staining the ocean with his blood, until his mighty efforts began to fail from exhaustion.

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The Captured Shark.

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"Clear the deck!" said the Captain, "haul up, boys! haul up! stand clear of his tail. He will kill you with a blow, should he hit you. Now, Sam, get a noose from the block, and give him a run."

A noose was made, thrown over the monster's tail, and the huge creature was swung on deck, to the no small gratification of the landsmen.

"Leonard must sketch this scene!" exclaimed our heroine. "What a fearful creature! what rows of teeth under his nose! I wonder how he can seize his prey!"

"He seizes his prey by turning on his side, as you saw him take the bait."

It was some time before the monster was dispatched, and any one could come near enough to examine him. As each did so, he thought how terrible a death it would be, to fall into the jaws of the devouring shark.

The vessel arrived in safety at Sydney, after a six months' voyage, yet, considering the delays,

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the numbers on board, and the crowded state of the ship, all were in wonderfully good health; and the whole regiment on board, and the crew also, returned thanks to God for their preservation upon the broad sea.

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CHAPTER III.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

New South Wales is one of the most rapidly progressing countries on the face of the earth; progressing in the present day, in spite of the most untoward circumstances under which any civilized country ever advanced. Its native savages are not extinct; its new barbarians, if the outcasts of a great nation may be so termed, are still fearfully numerous; and yet its society is progressing in every virtue of cultivated life, and in the best foundation of all improvement, true Religion. Societies of the first culture in England, are sending out

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branches to carry virtue into the interior of that country; where a family can be nurtured without any of those terrors which numbers bring along with them in this overpeopled land, and with the reflection that, the more numerous, so much the better.

Agricultural labourers, of the most honest and healthy class, are hastening to a land where exertion shall reward industry with a sufficient supply. The sinews of science, the sinews of strength, the sinews of intelligence, are all powerfully working for the future prosperity of Australia; and, by the blessing of God, she will shine with British splendour, when old England has advanced to her utmost limit, and shall be spoken of among nations, as once the greatest of all Islands, the glory of the Western World. God grant that the day may be far distant when she shall decay! It must be as HE pleases; and, should HE give us the blow that we deserve, we should not be long before we fell.

Australia will, if she encourage the Faith once delivered to the Saints, and cherishes the Truth in

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her Church, rise to be indeed a great country! Her principal port, Sydney, is one of the finest harbours in the world, and if we only consider that half a century has carried through that port all the civilization of old countries, which had centuries to make themselves perfect in it, and that now, in some of her cultivated productions, she excels the oldest nations—what may not be expected of her fifty years hence, should the world exist so long? God grant that His Church may flourish as it has done here, to his own honour and glory, and the salvation of thousands!

The town of Sydney was deeply indebted to Governor Macquarrie's organ of order, for the numerous improvements which he was making at the time when the 48th landed. Till then, there had been neither order, plan, or wisdom, in any of the arrangements for the future health or appearance of Sydney! Before this time, men bought allotments and built upon them, each man according to his fancy, without any regard to uniformity, or any idea of regularity.

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In his day, a very different method was pursued. All who built upon government allotments were under engagement to build upon a certain plan, which tended greatly to the beauty, as well as the convenience of the place. To Governor Macquarrie, the inhabitants of the metropolis of Australia are at this day indebted for the introduction of the greatest improvements which that city and country have experienced.

Our heroine, with her husband, as well as many others of the regiment, at first occupied lodgings in Sydney, until the departure of the 47th, whom they came to relieve.

It is a joyous time, when a regiment is about to leave a distant land, for the shores of old England. The long voyage is considered nothing. Vivid images of things at home, as he left them, are before the mind of the soldier, and bring before his eyes, his parental hearth, his brothers and sisters, and all the endearments of native and genuine affection.

However stern may have been the duties which

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men may have had to perform abroad, there is generally a great softening of the disposition when all those services are over, and they are about to return to European society. Nor do they fail to feel for those who may have to succeed them in their career of duty.

Joy spread itself through the ranks of the 47th, as they learned the day fixed for their departure. The band of that regiment invited that of the 48th to a sumptuous dinner, and our heroine had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many of those who were now about to return to England. It was to one of the band of the 47th, that the narrative of the adventures of herself and her husband was committed, to be forwarded to Squire H—, of N—, in the county of Norfolk. A promise had been exacted that the man himself should deliver it; but, whether it reached Norfolk or not, it certainly never reached the hands of the writer's father, for whom it was intended. Whether the man lost the narrative—whether he himself was lost upon the

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voyage—or whether any individual now living possesses the soldier's history, it never was, and probably never will be, discovered. One thing is certain; namely, that it never reached a parent, who once felt warmly the affections of nature, and was strangely disappointed at the seeming disrespect of his son. Pity, that when good feelings have taken possession of the heart of man, any thing should embitter those feelings. All men are sorely grieved when their natural affections meet with disappointment. The warmer they are, at a certain period of life when the judgment is not to be swayed by fancy, the more violent is the blow which causes the check upon the heart-strings. In nothing is a man more sensitive than in the seeming disrespect of his offspring, especially when he has promised to himself the pleasure of their advancing integrity.

Woe to the child who slights an affectionate parent! The earth contains many pits, but the deepest and the darkest is the fittest place for

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an ungrateful or unnatural child. No works, no sacrifices, no superstitious selfishness, will ever soothe the conscience of one who wilfully brings down his parent's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh! better is it, for the happiness of a son or daughter, that they suffer any privation, and be humble, rather than provoke the wrath or curse of an indulgent parent. Peace can only be enjoyed by those who seek the regulation of the affections of the heart; and the nearer these accord with God's laws, the more permanent will be the tranquillity of the mind, which is better riches than gold.

Our heroine's husband cherished in his heart the warmest feelings of respect for his natural parent. His esteem for him was grounded upon the knowledge that, before he knew him, he had given him a good education; and that, after he had known him, he had won his heart by the generous acknowledgment of his former wrong, and his endeavour to serve him. He would have considered it, therefore, a most unkind part for him

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to act, to neglect that father's injunctions. He wrote to him often, told him all his family ooncerns, and made him, as he thought, acquainted with all the particulars of his history. He took great delight in describing his long walks into the bush, and in informing his parent of all that was worthy of notice in the colony and the country; and many were the descriptive anecdotes which he wrote, both of the colonists, the convicts, and the native inhabitants. Strange is it, that all these letters should have been lost—that none should have reached Squire H——. Had Hewitt heen aware of this, he could not have felt surprise that no notice should have been taken of any of them.

"Your father may not choose to write to you," said our heroine, "from an idea that you may not be long in one place, and consequently, that his letters might be lost; and may it not be, that your letters have never reached him?"

"I cannot believe, my dear, that all have failed, and it makes my heart very heavy at times, that I get no answer from one who appeared to me all

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generosity. I cannot tell what may have caused his silence. I shall continue to write, however, from time to time, that I may not have to accuse myself of disrespect. I am much more comfortable at Sydney than I ever expected to be."

"I told you I thought you would have no convicts to superintend and keep to work. I am sure Governor Macquarrie is very kind and condescending to us; his lady, too, is a warm friend to the soldier's wife."

Thomas Hewitt was, in truth, made much of. He was so diligent in his application to the study and practice of his clarionet, that it obtained him frequent introductions into the most polite circles in Sydney, where music was much cherished by the Governor's lady, who was very partial to this elegant accomplishment. Frequently was he sent for, to accompany that lady in the best concerto music which could be procured, and, in her fashionable and crowded drawing room, this brave man was treated with the respect due to his talents and his demeanour. Received, as at Gibraltar, into the best

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society, he never threw off the manners of a truly humble and quiet man; was never puffed up with applause, nor even carried beyond the balance of propriety, by any of the attentions he received. He sought not to shine, but to give pleasure to others, by producing those harmonious sounds in which he so greatly delighted. Nor did he forget to appropriate all he received to the welfare of his wife and children.

While in Sydney, children were born to him. In 1817, his wife had a still-born child, and was very kindly treated by many ladies in Sydney, to whom her history was well known. In 1818, was born Absalom, the sixth son of our heroine. He grew up a fine active boy, in the barracks at Sydney; and, with his elder brother Edward, attracted the notice of officers and men of the 48th. In the year 1821, Thomas was born, so that our heroine had to contend with all the troubles of an increasing family; still, she wanted nothing. Cares she had; but she was active, her husband fortunate; all things went on well with her, during the whole period of her stay at Sydney.

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Edward and Absalom Hewitt, used to be the admiration of all who knew them in barracks. Their mother was famed for her management of her boys, in keeping them decent, orderly, and regular, and in training their young minds to obedience. Their father became their tutor, and brought them up in the ways of early piety and religion. Captain Alman who lived near them, and had a large family, used particularly to note their very respectable appearance; and was astonished to find that their mother, with characteristic industry and cleverness, was accustomed to make all their clothes. He encouraged them as playmates for his own children, and always found them quick, intelligent lads, and no disgrace to the gallant 48th.

Mr. Rogers, a young officer of the same regiment, was so pleased with the little Absalom, that he made him a present of the first suit of clothes which he ever had made by a tailor; and the circumstance is held in grateful remembrance, both by mother and child, to this day.

Colonel Bell was a particular friend to Hewitt and

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his wife; and, when the regiment was reduced in the year 1822, he would have had him remain in Australia, instead of coming home to England to be discharged. The news of the reduction of the army in that year, and the consequent discharge of many veterans, caused no little anxiety among soldiers who had lived so long together, both in war and in peace.

"What do you intend to do with yourself, Hewitt?" said the Colonel to him, when it was known that he was upon the Reduction List.

"I cannot say, Colonel. My inclinations are strangely wandering homewards. My father, Colonel, is a wealthy man in Norfolk. I ran away from school and enlisted at Norwich, and did not see him, or hear of him, or from him, or he of me, until I had gone all through the Spanish campaigns, and returned to England. He received me very kindly after this, and promised to be my fast friend in need. He has no other child living, and I think I ought not to neglect my own claims upon him.

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"Most assuredly not, Hewitt. But how is it that, after you once returned a young prodigal, he permitted you to leave him again for this far country?"

"He thought it best that I should complete my time in the army, and appeal to him after I had my discharge."

"I think it very strange, my brave fellow, that, having but one son, and being reconciled to him, he should permit you to remain a common soldier, and to come so far away from him, I do not perceive exactly what to advise under such circumstances."

Hewitt here explained to him his exact position, and the Colonel very warmly urged him to remain where he then was.

"This is a fine country; many of your old comrades are going to remain. You have an established reputation here, and I think you may find yourself disappointed at home. But what says your wife? Women are good judges in the time of domestic doubts."

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"I have not mentioned the matter to her yet, Colonel, and I know not exactly her mind; but I think it will incline to return."

"It should be after years of prosperity. I think you have a good chance of doing well here, and a very doubtful one at home; but I can only wish you well, Hewitt, and give you my advice to remain in Australia."

The same advice was given him by Sergeant-Major Hines, who greatly respected both him and his wife, and would gladly have had them settle in a country congenial to industry, steadiness, and temperance; congenial—alas! too much so—to those very opposite vices, idleness, immorality, and drunkenness: but these never thrive in any country; the former alone ensure prosperity.

"What say you, my dear wife, to going back to England again? We have our choice. We have more; we have a premium to remain here. Shall I accept it or not?"

"What says your own heart, Hewitt? I am

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content to remain here, if you are; but, should you refuse the present chance of returning, free of all expense, would you not regret the opportunity when lost?"

"Colonel Bell recommends my stay. My good friend Hines says, stay. The Governor's advice is, stay; and, though I do earnestly wish to see my father again, and feel sure that he would receive me kindly and fulfil his promise, yet all judgment seems to say, remain where you are. If I could be sure of my exact position with regard to my father, I would not hesitate a moment; but I confess that I wish to return."

"Then why should you not? I fear you will only fret yourself about the opportunity, after you have lost it. I know your mind well, Hewitt, and I can most sincerely bless you in my heart. You have always had a longing to see your father again. I am sure you do not wish to be idle, or dependent; but you feel that hard work in the bush, clearing new ground, and toiling all day upon the land,

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would not be so suited to your disposition as the chance of providing for us by your talents; and you think home is as good a field for you, with the chance of what your father may provide, as this distant land. Is it not so?"

"You have exactly spoken it, my dear. Such is my opinion, and I pray God I may be right.'

"Then I would never doubt it, wy dear, I would at once accept ship, and return. I am ready to go back again with you. God is able to provide for us at home, as well as in this land. I see no reason why we should not ask His blessing there as well as here. All the earth is His, and so are the inhabitants of it. Australia will be dear to our memories, and perchance, some of our children may come to this land. God bless the good Governor and his lady, and all our friends here! I love old England, and shall never sigh to come back to this country, though I own I love so many things in it. Cheer up then, my husband, and as our dear old friend Day used to say, 'Look the wolf well in the face,

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daughter, as you once did, and you will get over any difficulty.'"

"Up then, and let us take leave of our friends; for the ship is in the bay, and our old comrades are getting their traps on board; and so, my dear, we will be over the waters to merry England. Adieu! adieu! adieu! Farewell to kind friends, warm hearts, kindred souls, and good companions. Farewell to friends high in power, and ornaments to the land they dwell in. Farewell to the rich saloon, where admiring ears have listened to the dulcet sounds of the soft piano, and the swelling notes of the accompaniment. Farewell, Sydney barracks, where soldiers have enjoyed much attention, and have been respected by all classes. Farewell, thou land of future promise, though of much future sorrow, where the uphill work of religion must have much laborious toil before, 'the crooked paths can be made straight, and the rough places plain;' where the desert, in time, shall blossom as the rose, and the sunny wilderness become a fruitful country. Farewell!"

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Such were the words which the brave soldier wrote in his memorandum-book, as the vessel weighed anchor, and left a land, where for six years he had rested in respect. His wife and children were on board. The young ones wept for the land where they had spent their infant years, and would gladly have returned. But the sails were unfurled, and spread to the breeze. The old ship—for she was an old voyager—creaked under her way, and the veterans in her were like herself, weather-beaten hulks of many a hard-fought fight. Time for them the reader will say, to cast anchor, or to come to their moorings.

Our heroine had her youngest child in arms. She had an affectionate husband, and she put her trust in God. She prayed for a safe voyage; and, notwithstanding all the dangers that attended a leaky vessel, notwithstanding that, in a tremendous storm in doubling the Cape, one of the beams of the old ship started, and the water, as she described it, came gushing in like flashes of lightning; and, though the horrors of shipwreck once stared them in the

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face, yet, by the blessing of God, she arrived at the mouth of the Thames with her husband and family in good health, and landed late in the evening at Gravesend.

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CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND.

Our heroine landed at Gravesend, and Sergeant Jones, who had the care of the party, obtained billets for them; but, as they landed late, and the houses were closed, the landlords refused to admit the soldiers; so that, upon landing in their own country after so many years' absence, their first reception was inhospitable in the extreme.

"Is this merry England that we talked of, Hewitt?" said our heroine, "and is this the way they treat us? We were much better used in France. Our enemies would not let us stand shivering in the cold, all night."

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"I am disappointed, my dear, and this is indeed but a very unfavourable omen for the future. We are certainly unreasonably late in our application for admission; but, coming as we do from the extremity of this habitable globe, it is cruel of these citizens not to admit us. We cannot, however, compel them, and we have no alternative but to wait patiently for the morning. I will try what I can do to get the women and children admitted. I care not for myself, but I do not like to see you freezing in the streets all night."

It was not without much difficulty, that the women and children obtained quarters, and the men had positively to bivouac in the streets, until the hour of compulsory admission, at which they could not be refused.

But orders were given for the regiment to move on to Chatham; so that no opportunity was afforded to make the *amende honorable* to these brave fellows. It did not give our heroine a very favourable opinion of Englishmen. She knew that the Boors of Africa would rise at midnight to

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welcome a stranger—that the Arabs of the Desert would not deny the claims of hospitality, and that in every other country under the sun, the door would open at any hour to the brave defenders of the land. But here, in England, the veterans of the Peninsula were denied a night's lodging!

Oh, boast not, England, of hospitality! It is all very well with introductions for the sake of pride or courtesy; but in what part of this island does the stranger or the soldier find an open door and a hearty welcome, though he may have spent his best years in fighting for the security of those very men, who deny him a shelter in his necessity? How many may read these pages by a cheerful fire with all the comforts and endearments of a happy home. They may shudder at the accusation of want of hospitality; but that shudder will not prove false the assertion that, in the year 1822, the voyagers from Sydney who landed at Gravesend, had to spend their first night in the open streets. It is to be feared that an angel, were he to come unawares upon many of our snug habitations,

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would find but a sorry welcome, and be directed to the Union-House for entertainment. He might find an open door in some charitable cottage, but the mansion would not admit him to its kitchen.

After having spent some days at Chatham, a severe misfortune overtook our heroine, in the visitation of one of her children with brain fever. Night after night did she wait upon the delirious child. Three surgeons attended him, and ten days and nights the mother changed not her clothes but watched the poor sufferer with anxious eyes, till it pleased God to remove him from this world to a better. Her eldest son Edward, a fine, intelligent fellow of nine years old, born in the 48th, thus died and was buried at Chatham, to the great grief of his parents. This affliction was the precursor to days of sorrow and sickness, in which our heroine had to fortify her own mind, and her husband his also, with the best consolations of Religion. Soon after this occurrence, they were ordered to Chelsea, where, after twenty-seven years of active service, Thomas Hewitt was discharged, a pensioner at

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1*s.* 1½*d.* per day, and had to commence a new kind of life for a veteran soldier. He now remarked to our heroine,

"You had better remain at Chelsea, my dear, whilst I journey into Norfolk, and see my father again. Surely, surely, he must have had my letters, and I feel a strange presentiment that his heart has been hardened against me; but I will seek him, and at once discover where the fault may be. Your own health is not good; our late bereavement has unstrung your nerves, and time and rest are required to set you up again."

"I should wish to go with you, but perhaps you will be best alone upon such an occasion. My young child requires care, and, after a month or so, we shall be able to join you. I pray God to prosper you. We feel very strangely out of the army, after so long a habit of discipline in it."

"It will never do us any harm, if we can only find some active employment at home. The wakeful habits of a soldier, his cleanly appearance, and readiness to do his duty, will be no drawback to any future exertion. We have had but little

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comfort since we returned to England. Still, my dear, we have very many blessings to be thankful for. I do not despair, and will soon let you know the result of my journey. England has yet room for us, and we must not be discouraged at our first misfortunes."

The young man, for he was still but thirty-nine years of age, was not long before he again arrived in his native county of Norfolk; and he lost no time in proceeding to the very spot on which he first met his father.

At the same inn, with the same landlord, and at the same table, was the son engaged, though in plain clothes, in writing a letter to his parent, just as that parent passed the window. In a moment he was in the street, and accosted him with breathless haste and much anxiety—

"Sir," cried he, "I am returned to England again!" and he paused to take breath, whilst the gentleman viewed him with the utmost astonishment, saying:

"And pray, Sir, who are you?"

What were the feelings of the son at that

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moment, no mortal can describe. He could not even attempt to put them upon paper. That father, who but six years before had acknowledged him, not to know him now! A strange sensation came over him. He was wounded more severely by that blow, than by the enemy's sword. He was smitten to the heart, as if an arrow of ice, with suddenly piercing point, had carried a chilling blow to the centre of life. And is it for this, thought he, that I have come over from Australia! to meet with a cold repulse—not to be known—to be denied by my own father! O nature, nature, how art thou changed! The question was again put: "Who are you, young man?" and convinced him that it was no intentional denial of a knowledge of his person.

"I am Thomas Hewitt; your son, Sir!"

It was now the gentleman's turn to be surprised. He was agitated. He turned pale, and with much trepidation desired him to go back into the house. He followed him into the room.

"I really did not know you, young man;

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your sudden salutation, in a costume so different from that in which I last saw you, prevented my recognizing you; and yet I ought not to have forgotten the voice. I have been very ill since I last saw you, and I had no idea you were alive. Why did you not write to me? Where have you been? You promised to let me have a full account of your life; but not a word have I heard of you."

"Oh, Sir, how grieved I am! I wrote to you from Ireland—I wrote to tell you of my regiment's departure for Australia; and, on board the Matilda, I employed my time in writing the history of my own and my wife's adventures. I sent the same by one of the band of the 47th, who promised to deliver it at your door."

"Strange, strange! I never saw it! I never heard of it! You say you wrote many times. Did you direct your letters properly?"

"I did, Sir, according to your own direction. I wrote at least twenty times from Australia, and can have the testimony of my Colonel, who countersigned my direction for me."

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"I must make inquiry into this. Where is your regiment now?"

"Part of it, Sir, has returned to England to be discharged. I am one of the number, and being second Sergeant of the band, I was within the list of reduction."

"How long have you been in the regiment?"

"Twenty-seven years, in active service, Sir."

"Then you ought to have been promoted."

"Alas! Sir, promotion is but a slow march, in the band. We are too often overlooked in many things by the higher powers, and too often thought only fit for parade duty; but there are many who have found us most serviceable to them when they were unable to assist themselves. I have been in many battles, side by side with the bravest, and have not flinched from the duties of a soldier."

"What pension have you?"

"One shilling and a penny-halfpenny per day."

"What are your views now?"

"You promised to befriend me, Sir, if I should be discharged. I had the option of remaining in

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Australia, or of returning with part of my regiment to England. I thought, Sir, that I might never see you again, if I neglected the opportunity which then offered itself, of returning at the expense of Government, and I accepted it, though, as you will see by these testimonials, my prospects in Australia were very fair."

The young man here presented to his parent a packet of letters, bearing the highest testimony to the respectability of his character, his proficiency in his art, and to his general military as well as private deportment. Could a parent receive this genuine appeal to his heart, without a warm response? Could the cold forms of dignity, which he had himself violated in early life, now stand between the convictions of nature and wisdom? They might in some very fashionable minds, whose cultivation will not admit the claims of nature, and which consider etiquette as possessing more vitality and propriety than truth itself; but it was not so with this Norfolk squire. A blunt species of gentleman, carrying in his

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person sufficient appearance of external pride, without any pretensions to the extreme of fashion, he had yet a warm heart, alive to real natural emotions: in honest affection he again extended his hand to the welcome soldier, and accompanied it with an honest Englishman's expressions.

"And you shall be welcome to England, my boy! You shall not come back all this way for nothing. I will assist you. Where is your wife?"

"She is now at Chelsea, Sir. I have lately buried my eldest son. I have two, Absalom, my elder, and Thomas, my younger, still with their mother."

"And what are your views? I know not what to do with you here. I have nothing to do myself. I cannot comprehend how your letters were lost. When did you write last?"

"Six days ago, Sir, from Chatham."

"I must inquire into this. It is a mystery to me. What do you propose to do with yourself?

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A young man like you, should have some constant and profitable occupation."

"My own thoughts inclined to settling at Norwich, and teaching music."

"And no bad employment in these days: Norwich is becoming a musical city. Norfolk farmers do not reap very abundant profits in these times, though many who have been careful in the war, have risen to purchase the very estates they hired, and are become great gentlemen. Come to Norwich, and if anything should occur in which I can promote your interest and prosperity, I will do so. I had given you up. I felt hurt at your negligence, and I cannot now account for the strange failure of your letters. Rest here until the morning, and I will see you again; and so, good bye for the present."

Father and son parted better friends than might have been expected, to the very great joy of the latter. Nor was their meeting less cordial on the morrow.

"I have thought of you all night, young man,"

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said Mr. H— "and I have hinted at my suspicions of your letters being purposely kept out of my sight. To avoid this, for the future, when you write to me follow this direction, and I shall receive them. I have brought you again the sum I gave you before; when you have arrived with your family, and have settled yourselves in Norwich, communicate with me, and I will arrange something permanent for your support."

They took a mutually respectful leave of each other, in which there was more true affection than in many between those who are more constantly in each other's sight. With a heart much relieved from the pressure of doubt, Hewitt departed from Hingham, and staid a few days with his uncle and aunt. He wrote to his wife, giving her a description of his unexpected success at N——, and requesting her to come to Norwich, where he would meet her. In the meantime, he himself went to that city, to see what he could do in his profession of music. He obtained an introduction to Colonel Harvey, who took much notice of him, and intro-

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duced him to other gentlemen. The Rev. Mr. Elvin was very kind to him, and also Mr. Pattison, the great brewer.

His wife arrived in the city of Norwich in the latter part of the year 1822, and found that her husband had secured lodgings for her and her family in Ber Street.

These were some of the happiest days she had experienced for some time. Her husband, by degrees, obtained an established reputation in the city. His father, with whom he had another interview soon after the arrival of his family, definitively promised him £30 per annum, assuring him that he should receive it regularly at the quarter, and that as long as he, Thomas Hewitt, should live, it should be paid punctually. Independently of this allowance, he made him many presents, which enabled him to bring up his family decently.

"So England, my dear, is, after all, a comfortable country;" said our heroine to her husband. "Our young ones thrive in it, and we have no reason to complain."

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"I have none, my dear, none whatever, thanks to God's goodness, both in giving me support, and in giving me you to help me through life. I like to have my time fully occupied, and have this day been offered an employment which I think I shall accept, as it will not interfere with my pupils, or with music. It is that of watchman, under Mr. Yarrington, the Master of the Watch Committee. I am so well accustomed to duty, that I rather think I should like it. It will help us, too, to provide for our children's wants."

"Accept it, if you please, and I hope you will give satisfaction to your employer. It is something like sentinel duty, and reminds me of soldiery again."

Hewitt, accordingly, became watchman to Mr. Yarrington, Sen., who was much struck with the intelligence of the man, and placed the utmost confidence in his integrity. From him, Hewitt and his family received many kindnesses. He soon discovered the superior qualities of his watchman's mind, and took a lively interest in conversing with him upon the subjects of his campaigns.

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The following letter, received from this highly respectable man, will justify the Author of this narrative in giving it to the public in this place.

"St. Simons, Norwich, January 5, 1846.

"Sir,

"In answer to your inquiry respecting the late Thomas Hewitt, it is now about twenty years since I first knew him. It was soon after he was discharged from the army. He was then very anxious concerning his prospect of obtaining a livelihood for himself and his family. I soon discovered him to be a man of intelligence, far beyond most men moving in his sphere of life. I advised him to call upon the late John Pattison, Esq., one of the Aldermen of Norwich. With that gentleman I had several interviews relating to Hewitt.

"I informed Mr. Pattison that Mr. H——, of ——, was Hewitt's father. Mr. P., knowing Mr. H——, succeeded in obtaining a considerable allowance towards his maintenance, and many favours, during the time Mr. H—— was living.

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"Hewitt was a watchman under me; but, finding it did not agree with his health, he was obliged to give it up. I always found him a man that might be trusted, and my firm belief is, that he was a man of the strictest integrity.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. YARRINGTON.

"To the Rev. Richard Cobbold,

"Wortham Rectory."

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CHAPTER V.

CHANGES.

EVERY man's life has its changes. No day is like the one gone by. Each one brings with it some dissimilarity. A wise man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun:" but, as everything is growing old, even the world itself, so must everything be changing; and as, from change to change, we are proceeding in our course, may God grant we may go on changing for the better, till we come to our last change, and be happy for ever!

"I find my time fully occupied, my dear," said Hewitt to his wife; "and I know not what it is to be

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idle. Our boys are growing up, and begin to read well. Absalom is at the top of his class, and Thomas begins to know his letters. I want but a few more pupils, and I think we should be able to lay by a little."

"I am, indeed, happy, my dear, comparatively speaking, and enjoy the rest which God is pleased to give us from the toils and dangers of war; and, as long as you have your health, and my fingers can work, our children shall not want for decent clothing, nor for such education as we can afford. You will probably soon have some more pupils. Mr. Yarrington is very kind to us; but I sometimes wish that this night-work could be dispensed with. What with blowing the clarionet in the day, keeping watch at night, and teaching the Sunday school on the Sabbath, I am afraid your health may be affected."

"My Sunday occupation is the pleasantest part of my work; and, Mr. Valpy's health not being good, I have double pleasure, in assisting our clergyman, and in instructing the young. Children are

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like soldiers: they require to be taught in companies, and to be drilled into discipline by one who understands training. I find that, from my constant habit of teaching, they look up to me, and obey me. It is curious that, after so many years of war, I should at last be engaged in the peaceful service of the Church of England. This is a change, indeed!".

It was one perfectly congenial to the mind of this brave man, who, having made very early improvement in his own studies, was then happily engaged in conveying Christian instruction to the young. In 1825, the Rev. Mr. Valpy, in whose service he was so pleasantly employed, died; and, with the change of pastors at St. Simon's, came change of master for the school. So that this profitable Sabbath employment, was exchanged for the more private one of instructing only his own family.

This was an eventful year to our heroine. After having had seven sons, she gave birth to a daughter, adding to her domestic comfort as well as to her family cares. But a more singular event

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occurred soon after her recovery from her confinement. A letter arrived, announcing the existence of her mother, and not only her being alive, but that she was on her way to see her at Norwich.

It is an event, indeed, after seventeen years separation, to see an affectionate mother; and, let a person's circumstances be what they may, if natural affection be not extinct, the heart must indeed rejoice! Who would not give, aye, all things, to see again the loved face of his childhood, to see the bright smile of approbation, to press again the warm hand of affection, or to interchange the soft kiss of parental and filial regard? Away, coldness! away, ye cruel forms of a heartless world, or damp chills of fashion! The meeting of a fond mother, after seventeen years' absence, must melt the heart of a man, and try him tenderly, whether he be a child of God or not. If a child of God, he would fly into that mother's arms, and bless God for the inexpressible joy of such a moment. Let the fanatic assume, for his own faith, what high attachment he may, he would not be to be envied, could he see the mother who

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gave him birth, who taught him his first prayers, watched by his cradle, and yearned over him with bowels of compassion—he would not be to be envied, could he see her after seventeen years, and be unmoved!

It was not likely that the genuinely affectionate heart which our heroine possessed, would fail to feel, aye, more than any pen of man can describe, when her loved parent entered her abode.

Each could but look at the other, and see the changes time had wrought. Seventeen years before, and the bloom of youth sat on that daughter's cheek; the cares of the mother had come with her womanhood, but she had never lost the affections of a daughter. And this may be one reason, reader, why now, in her widowhood, her own children have never ceased to bless her and respect her, to treat her with the warmest affection, and, in her poverty and distress, to spare all they can for their mother's comfort.

A month did the mother remain, and talked over with Hewitt and her daughter the early

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days of their youthful affection, the changes at Gibraltar, and her own change of condition. After losing, at Cadiz, her husband and her only son, she was very lonely, and being still an active, and by no means otherwise than a goodly person, she married a comrade of her husband's, a Cornishman, who, after serving his time in the Artillery, retired with a pension to Guinear, a place about twenty miles from the Land's End in Cornwall. At very advanced ages, this old couple, Thomas and Fanny Williams, are still living, as appears by a letter from them to the heroine of these pages, dated March 25th 1845, with this postscript.

"N.B.—When you direct,

"Direct for Thomas Williams,

"Pensioner,

"No. 99, Tallywarren Street,

"Camborne,

"Cornwall."

Twenty letters from them, now lie before the author of this narrative, all breathing the purest

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affection and respect for our heroine and her family.

The mother, after a month's stay, returned to her husband in Cornwall, and it is now twenty years since this visit was paid: times have wofully changed since then with her daughter, though their mutual affections are unaltered.

But we must trace the gradual advance of misfortune, because at that time there was no apparent reason to dread any. Yet, soon after this, we find that they left Norwich. There had been a namesake of Hewitt's in the band of the 48th, who had always been upon the best terms with him. As he had served his time, and returned to live at Aylsham, his native place, he came to beat up his quarters, and staid a few days with our heroine. Those few days stirred up the former taste for soldiering.

"What say you, Hewitt, to another campaign? After all, we are best fitted for soldiers. I have been requested to seek for some veterans of the Peninsular campaign, to join the Norfolk Militia. Now

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you and I had a pretty good share of the foreign wars. What say you to being on the peace establishment at home?"

"I must think the matter over, and talk it over with my wife; we are well off here, and the old proverb, 'Let well alone,' may indispose her mind to changes. I see no objection to it. The pay is good, and the duty not very heavy. I will talk it over with her."

They did talk it over, and our heroine saw no objection to the plan proposed. She thought it better than the uncertainty of pupils and the watchman's duty; besides, the place to which they were to go, was at no great distance from Norwich, and they might still keep up their connexion in that city. Upon the whole, she approved the change, and Hewitt and his namesake entered into the Norfolk Militia and became active non-commissioned officers, under the command of Captain Guthrie, at Yarmouth.

Hewitt went over to N— to communicate the change to his parent, who again treated him hand-

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somely, and gave him money to pay all the expenses of changing his place of abode, assuring him again of his great respect—that his income should be punctually paid to him, and that he would take care that it should be insured to him for his life.

It was a change for our heroine, again to see her husband in uniform, and to find him a peaceful soldier of the militia. She and her young family removed to Yarmouth, and took up their abode near the Apollo Garden walk. Here they lived for fourteen years, not without many changes; for, though the militia was for a time made strong, yet after a few years it was disbanded, and Hewitt had to return to teaching music. One effect, however, which his appearance as a soldier had upon his young sons was, that it gave them a partiality for a red coat, which they never got over, notwithstanding the kindness of many friends who would have had them choose some more peaceful occupation. Among others, some quaker ladies were very kind to the boys, taking great notice of, and in many ways befriending them.

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In 1827, Hewitt was engaged to play the third clarionet at the Norwich Festival, and here he was first introduced to Professor Edward Taylor, who was so pleased with his modest deportment and scientific industry in the cultivation of music, that he made him a handsome present of a bassoon and other instruments, which his widow still preserves as a memorial of the Professor's kindness.

It was with no little pride and pleasure, that our heroine beheld her husband in the ranks of those performers who swelled the instrumental band at the Festival. She was permitted to go to the rehearsals, and truly might it be said, that she and many others enjoyed the treat with as much satisfaction as any of the more enlightened among the audience, who came to see and to be seen, to hear, and to pay for what they heard, to the ultimate benefit of the hospital and other charities in the city of Norwich.

Harmony has its discords, and the cultivators of harmony frequently have jarring disagreements, even in getting up a grand entertainment for the

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public amusement. For there is as much, or more, of natural pride in those who have to play before a great audience, as in those who shine in the more retired drawing-room. The principle of harmony is good; but, in the practice, too many discords destroy the most harmonious sounds, and afford anything but gratification. So, in great public festivals, it is no easy thing to control the minds of all the performers, and bring them under the guidance of one conductor.

After the disbanding of the regiment of Militia, Hewitt's father assisted him to embark in a fishing speculation at Yarmouth; but this turned out unprofitable. Loss of horses, boats, and various other circumstances, over which he had no control, rather tended to involve him in difficulties than to lift him above them, and proved that a good soldier might make but a sorry fishmonger. Still he contrived to bring up his family respectably. He had two more daughters born to him at Yarmouth, Martha and Kerenhappuck, the latter so named

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because Job, having had seven sons and three daughters, gave the last this name. But this daughter was not the last, for his wife brought him another, Priscilla, who still remains with her.

Eliza, after being carefully trained in Mrs. Turner's Sunday School, was bound apprentice to Miss Branch, the respected staymaker, at Yarmouth; she served her two years in that capacity, and afterwards five more as journeywoman.

"I think, father," said Hewitt's son Absalom, when he had grown a fine boy, very tall for his years—"that I should like to be a soldier. I have always wished to be one, and you enlisted very young; why should not I?"

"I know no other reason, my boy, than that I think you hardly know your own mind yet. Were you fated to see as many difficulties and dangers as I have seen, I could sincerely wish you to drive a Yarmouth traul cart all the days of your life, in preference."

"Nay, father, that would be a sorry kind of life

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for a soldier's son. Fancy me mounted on one of those strange vehicles, which go upon wheels without an axle—have no seats, and no sides—are all length and no breadth—touch the ground with their bodies, whilst their legs, if I may so term the shafts, go up into the air higher than the horses' heads. I should look well on one of these carts; for as to being in one, that would be an impossibility, since they have no insides, and, as they rattle along, look more like lumber gims than anything else. Put scythes to the hobs of the wheels, father, and they would look like the first Queen of England's war-cars, of which you were reading to us the other day, in the History of England. Let me be a foot soldier, and I shall be content."

The father thought the boy entitled to some choice of his own, and only urged him not to be too hasty in deciding upon the point. The carts he mentioned are peculiar to Yarmouth, and are

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well adapted for the narrow rows; as the numerous thoroughfares between the old sea front and the river's face are called. No one who visits Yarmouth can fail to note this feature of internal traffic from the shore to the most remote corners of the town.

If any physician wished to prescribe a novelty for his patient, he need but send him to Yarmouth, for a species of driving which would keep every muscle of his frame in active motion. Let him have to stand on one of these vehicles for two hours a day, and permit one of the Yarmouth herring-men to drive it; he would not long be afflicted with indigestion; which, Abernethy says, is the cause of all diseases.

Our heroine's eldest son, Absalom, could not be persuaded to change his mind, but enlisted in the 12th foot, took his departure for Ireland, and sailed from the Cove of Cork for the Isle of France, where he now is.

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His brother, Thomas, some years afterwards followed his example, and is now a private in the Coldstream Guards.

Changes, changes! What changes we all see in the course of our lives! Again our heroine changed her place of abode, and went to live at St. Martin's, Palace Plains, near the White Lion Inn, Norwich. Her husband found many friends to notice him. He was invited to play in several families, and the soldier, with his medal, which he was entitled to wear at all times, became a noted character.

It is pleasant to look through the letters of their children, and see flowing from their hearts the same strain of affectionate piety as flowed from the hearts of their parents. It would be tediously spinning out a narrative, to introduce the epistles of these young men to their parents, from the various parts of the world where they were quartered. It will be sufficient

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for the author to state that he has had great pleasure in perusing them, and he can honestly and conscientiously affirm, that they are letters such as young men of good principles, and affectionate and dutiful sons, would write to parents whom they honoured at home, and never neglected to honour, though they found themselves in distant lands.

In writing these pages, the author is glad to find that, notwithstanding all the changes which have visited this family, one bond of unity has undergone no change among them, namely, mutual love for each other; and, may God grant that nothing may ever break it, but that by his grace, it may be more firmly knit, till time shall be changed, for them, into eternity.

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CHAPTER VI.

AFFLICTION.

WHO was more eloquent upon the afflictions of human life, than the celebrated Kirwan, Dean of Killala? If any man, by words, painted a picture to the life, it was this celebrated preacher, whose glowing and impassioned oratory was addressed to the hearts of his hearers with such an irresistible appeal that, it is said, those who came to scoff at his powers, went away in tears.

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"The heart of man," he exclaimed, "is a labyrinth, of whose uncertain ways God alone can have a knowledge. Though the world should put him in possession of all its delights and all its enjoyments, they would be insufficient to fix and satisfy him, for he has one attachment nearly invincibly incompatible with rest and contentment; namely, an everlasting desire for change and novelty. The love of happiness is essential to his being. When the appearance presents itself, he flies to it with rapidity. The moment it commences, nearly puts a period to its enjoyment. What does it serve him to possess, since he never ceases to desire? Such is too truly the prevailing character of man, till trouble arrives, which brings wisdom on its gloomy wings, and tells him too clearly he is to look for true and durable felicity only beyond the grave!"

Pardon, reader, this serious quotation, from memory. The author never needed to read it

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a second time, since every line became indelibly impressed upon his mind from the very first perusal. They often spring up, when he sees in real, every-day life, their solemn force. He could not avoid transcribing them, as he thought of the coming chapter.

Affliction! It is a word which thousands cannot endure to hear mentioned but in private. Eloquent perhaps in the deepest silence, it broods in a language of its own over sufferings mental or bodily, which pen cannot express. Take the kingdom of God for a few moments out of a man's heart, and see how he will mourn and pour out his soul in the most plaintive melodies, such as grief for no earthly loss whatever could equal! as cruel men in some countries take out the eyes of a poor bird, that it may warble its tender lay to gratify the refined but heartless feelings of its listening conquerors. Does the song compensate for

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the loss, when the eye-sight cannot be restored? Oh, hard, tyrant man! boast not of joys purchased by the punishment of a tender, helpless bird! Were but the great God to take from thee that blessed Comforter who cheers thee on thy journey, thou wouldst sing a mournful ditty to thy fellows, who would not understand thy wailing! Oh, be not cruel then to any creature, and thy affliction shall never be without a sweet peace.

Our heroine, though a soldier's wife, had a tender heart, even in the stirring, hardening times of war. As a mother, she had been destined to feel the sorrows of life, in parting with beloved infants and children, not one of whom she would not gladly have had survive herself. But she was now called upon to endure the loss of a daughter, who was endeared to her and her husband by the singular precocity of talent with which she was endowed. Heaven fits, or rather

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the God of Heaven and Earth fits and prepares the young mind, with very early calls to his kingdom; and, though most men wish to live to the utmost limit of human years, from that natural tenacity to life which all creatures possess, yet there are few parents of families of any extent, who have failed to witness the wisdom of those children who have been early called to be partakers of a Heavenly Kingdom. The calmness with which, in sickness, they look upon things past, present, and to come, is a beautiful lesson of family piety, almost enough to make the strong and healthy envy the tranquil joy of the wise and sickly.

"Mother," said the little Martha to her parent, "I shall never live to be a woman; nor do I desire so to do. Father and you are very kind to me, and I love you dearly. Brothers and sisters too are very good to me, and I love them all; but still I think I shall have

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to leave you all—I do not think I shall live long."

What was a mother to reply to this? The little Martha was by no means strong. She was a delicate, sensitive, singularly intelligent child, whose actions appeared to be governed by a wisdom which the ablest divines, in their most beautiful discourses, might have inculcated. She was a child full of thought, ever thinking, and, like a most perfect ear, she could no more bear a discordant word, than that ear could bear a note out of tune.

A harsh word was grating to her ear; an irreverent one was shocking; but a blasphemous one, let it be uttered in the broad street, would make the child cling to her parents as though a wild beast were let loose in her way. The father and mother observed this early delicacy, and Hewitt, in his hours of instruction, found his little daughter Martha receive all he could

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give her, and yet desire more. Sweet thirst for truth, whenever childhood, youth, or manhood, shall seek to know what God has revealed for its instruction and happiness! Heavenly Father, thou who callest thy children to thyself—it is a sweet consolation that thou permittest even a soldier, a rough parent, or a soldier's wife, a kind mother, to give instruction to thy children, and to know that as thine they can never be lost!

"My dear child," said the mother, "I know you are not of a strong constitution, and I will not deceive you by saying that you are; but God can do all things, and can make your natural weakness strong with His strength."

"I know it, mother! I know it! for, as father told me this very Sabbath evening, His strength is made perfect in our weakness; but, mother, his strength is not bodily strength, but strength

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of spirit, to love Him and His goodness more dearly than anything else."

What a speech was this, for a child! yet though simply the wisdom she had perceived, it was unanswerable. But the father tried her faith a little, when he said, with earnestness, "How can you say, my dear child, that His strength is not bodily strength, when you read of the miraculous bodily power of Samson? Was not his strength merely mortal?"

"Father, that strength was made perfect in his weakness. He was weak enough to suffer himself to be bound with cords, and yet in the moment of his utmost self-abasement, he burst them asunder. He was weak enough to reveal the secret of God's strength bestowed upon him, and he had his eyes put out. But, when his enemies were most strong against him, and prevailed with their utmost cruelty, he put forth his prayer to his God, and prayed for his

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strength, and down came the columns of the idolatrous temple, and he slew more in his death than he had done in his life. How can you call this mortal strength?"

Was the father able to gainsay this? The little divine, for so he called his beloved Martha, would have had him question her further; but he took her in his arms, and put an end to an argument which he found himself unable and unwilling to combat, and conquered or rather prevailed with a kiss, not of betrayal, but of exquisite affection.

Yet this dear child was to be lost to him; and, though he sincerely delighted in her superior mind, and joyed to see her every time he came into his house, he felt, each time he saw her, that she was leaving him, though she evinced more and more warm affection for him. Could he desire that she should remain in a world where everything shocked her? Nature and grace had to struggle in the heart of the parent

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more severely than in that of the child. Nature, pure, simple, innocent, affectionate, nature, in the tender child, was part of the perfection of God's grace, and suffered no shock in her, because she found it part of God's love in her; but the parent felt his own loss, felt for the little sufferer's bodily pains, and died in his own heart whilst he willingly yielded her up to his Creator.

Little Martha had an affection of the chest, which for a long while tormented her; but she did not complain, and rather sought to soothe her father and mother with the prospect of her departure than to grieve them.

"I do not like to see those tears, dear father," she said to him, "they seem to me ungrateful. Why do you weep? Is it for me? Pray do not do so, for my departure ought to be your joy. You read to me just now, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!' Why do you grieve then? Have you any doubt about my dying in the Lord?"

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"No, my dear child, no. I do not grieve on this account. I am sorry to lose you so early in life."

"And what would you have me live for, father? You have no mansion for me here, but my heavenly Father has prepared for me a place to dwell in, better than the palace of the bishop! You can promise me no joys here, but my heavenly Father assures me there are joys everlasting at his right hand, and so said the dear bishop, when I heard him preach on Good Friday, at the Cathedral. You can give me no crown, yet you read to me of crowns of glory as the reward of the children of God."

"Dear child, you speak so confidently, as to make me think you know not that you are a sinner."

"Dear father, and would you have a sinner doubt? For whom did the Redeemer suffer? Not for me, if I had not been a sinner. Have I

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forgotten how many times you have corrected me? I did wrong, you forgave me, because I confessed to you my faults; but, dear father, I perceived that my sins were against God, and your forgiveness could not forgive me before Him. For that reason, I felt I wanted forgiveness from Him, and you told me that Christ only could obtain that for me. In Him then did I find it. How then can you suppose that I could forget that I had been a sinner? But God forgives me, and I heard his forgiveness pronounced at church by his minister, and took it as such to my soul."

Could the wisest argue better? Could the father gainsay a word? He submitted to the hand that gave the blow, and the dear child died in his arms.

"Mary," said he to his wife, "that child's death is the first nail in my own coffin. It is not that I am so melancholy as to be without

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hope for you and for myself; but I did love that child dearly; I did delight in her singular precocity, and I feel that I must go to her; she cannot come to me."

It was singular, but not long after the child's decease, Hewitt's health began to fail him. He became subject to asthma, and found that his breathing through the clarionet or the bassoon, was followed by a strange pricking in the throat. He could never forget his little Martha; he would speak of her at all times, but especially when his children came home to meals, and seemed to miss her society.

"I cannot rouse myself, Mary," said he, "I cannot rid myself of the idea, that it will not be very long before I shall go to her, since she cannot come to me. Let me be where I may, that child's questions, her extraordinary arguments, and her sincere devotion, seem to press themselves upon my mind, and,

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sleeping or waking, my little Martha is always present with me."

It was not that he did not love his wife and children with the same warmth as formerly. If possible, he loved them more. He spent more of his time at home. For, on account of the irritation of his chest, he found it dangerous to indulge in his former pursuits. He was, in an accompaniment, one of the finest bassoon players possible. His ear was perfect, and his taste extremely good; but the bassoon is a dangerous instrument for any person whose lungs or whose breathing is affected.

An active man is very unwilling to give up his accustomed employment, though he may actually require rest, to preserve his health or his life. How many a workman, with pallid cheeks and starting eyes, has risen perhaps to his unhealthy occupation, when nature called out, "Keep your bed, you want rest for a few

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days." Alas! he has a wife and children, whom he knows will call for bread, and he cannot afford to lose his time. So he goes to work and increases his disease, till he can go no longer. So our heroine's husband would go on playing his bassoon, until he was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to give it up.

His active mind, however, knew no rest. He read, he wrote, he thought, and now he conversed, day after day, with his affectionate wife, upon things which more deeply concerned his soul. Affliction brought him nearer to his God. He saw His hand at work in his own career, and observed to his wife that it had been a very merciful one.

"I ought to be more thankful, my dear, than I am," continued he, "for this very affliction, which now prevents my earning for you, as I used to do, such a weekly aid as enabled us to live in comfort. But we must soon remove to a less expensive habit-

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ation, for I feel that, as my powers decay, we shall not be able to meet the expenses of our family without changing our place of abode. We now stand at a high rent, and our children require all we can spare from our income. You and I have known too many changes to heed a remove, and it is better to be honest and pay our way, than to live beyond our means, and in misery."

"I have no objection, my dear, to any change which may ease your mind and render you more comfortable. We have slept upon the bare ground many a stormy night, and any house in this city affords us better shelter than the plains of Salamanca. It is nothing to me to give up these fancied comforts, when your health and peace are the object. Now you mention the subject, I think our friend, the landlord of the Ten Bells, who has known us so many years, has some houses to let, not far from his own. They are small and very reasonable, and what is the

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difference between St. Martin's, Palace Plains, and the Ten Bell Lane? I will go and see him, and try if we can arrange about the rent. Do not make yourself uneasy about any luxuries for me, Hewitt; a soldier's wife should be prepared to more than meet her husband's misfortunes."

A woman is more brave than a man in the hour of retrenchment, if she loves her husband as much as she does herself. What a blessing she is to a man, if she can deprive herself of any accustomed luxuries, to support the character of her husband for honesty! What are luxuries, when a person cannot afford to pay for them, but robberies committed upon honest principle; which, in the end, produce more misery in their possession, than they could possibly do if rejected? "Retrenchment" sounds harshly to the ear of luxuriating pride; but those who would not forfeit love for all the possessions of pride, know well that the meeting an evil with a

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good heart and a firm hand, carries with it unspeakable joy.

The soldier's wife had no smart carriage to lay down, no livery servants to discharge, no horses with flowing tails and flying manes to part with; but she had to give up her comforts of comparative luxury, which one who had earned them after many a hard-fought fight, and many a weary hour, was perhaps as much entitled to enjoy, as the lord or lady of the proudest mansion. A woman who had looked a wolf in the face without a shriek, would not be likely to make much lamentation about retrenchment.

As a good wife, she soon changed the more expensive dwelling for an humbler one, and took up her lodging in the Ten Bell Lane, Pottergate Street, Norwich, in a small, retired court, and never uttered a murmur at the remove. Affliction did not leave that roof, however, though one outward

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cause of annoyance might have been got rid of. It required all the energies of a good manager, with a sick husband, and herself and family to feed and clothe, upon a pension and allowance which, when the earnings of an active man were added to them, were an ample provision. Still, care and attention, economy and honesty, affection and cheerfulness, with that never desponding faith which relies upon the daily mercies and providence of God, very soon made the retired lodging in Ten Bell Lane as comfortable as the house on the Palace Plains.

The best men in this world, at every period of its existence, have known what it is to be poor; and, as the author began this chapter with a quotation from the writings of the wise and eloquent Dean of Killala, he cannot better close it than by another quotation, an illustration of his doctrine, that affliction is better than riches—

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"Look to Solomon in all his glory; the immensity of his treasures, the magnificence of his palaces, his flourishing states; beloved of his subjects, respected by his neighbours, celebrated and admired through every region of the earth; then, turn from this dazzling picture of all human prosperity, to contemplate Job, deprived in a moment of all his earthly possessions, the children he adored torn suddenly from his embrace, cruelly abandoned by his relations, basely insulted by his friends, stretched upon the earth naked and forlorn, his body covered with putrifying sores; in a word, reduced to a situation which no imagination can dwell upon without extraordinary horror.

"Which of the two would you conceive to have been most favoured of God? the man whom excessive prosperity plunged at length into the very abyss of impurity, or he whose unparalleled adversity became at once the proof and triumph of his virtue?

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"I need not say what the answer of a true Christian would be, or of any individual capable of distinguishing the true sublimity of the human character."

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CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

MAN'S difficulties are attributed by many wise men of this world, to his own want of wisdom. To be poor, according to such men's ideas, is to be a fool. Nay, there are some who seem to imagine that it is the very first duty of the Christian ministry to teach worldly prudence, the laying up of treasure upon earth, the getting money somehow; and, when it is gotten, the taking care of it, laying it out so as to bring in

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the greatest interest, in insurances, railroad speculations, investments in land, mines, ships, canals, and all the variety of profitable channels which may present themselves to the eager thirst for gain. The clergy are sometimes reproached by a wise brother for not taking advantage of some of these opportunities, as if the golden grain of Mammon were the best fruit they could reap.

Let those who can get and keep riches, rejoice in them; but let not a good man despair, though poverty may stare him in the face; let him not repine, let him not forget that God provides the daily bread of the humble, and that He will never desert any of his children. His purse may be very low, but let him be lowly himself, let him be ready to give, of that lowly spirit which he possesses, such gifts as God has given him, and he need not doubt, that men will, if he has patience, pour into his bosom sufficient

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of the abundance which God has given them that he may be provided for.

Benevolence makes many rich, without diminishing the possessions of the donor; and, though it may be more blessed to give than to receive, yet, if the recipient of bounty takes that which is given him by mortal hands, as from the blessed instruments and agents of the Almighty, he will never be at a loss for gratitude, and will never offend or be offended in his poverty. The workman is worthy of his hire, and will be paid sufficiently if he do his work diligently; but if he will be idle, he cannot expect the blessing of God or man. Affliction, bodily or mental, may deprive an honest man of power to work, and then he becomes an object of real compassion.

There was not a more industrious, painstaking, decent, and respectable couple, than our heroine and her husband, in the line of life in

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which they sought their livelihood. They had toiled through the Peninsular campaigns with honour, and had left the British army without ever once incurring the slightest reprimand for any neglect of duty; but, on the contrary, they received many testimonials of grateful respect from comrades and from officers who knew them. Before the writer of these pages, lie letters from soldiers who called our heroine's husband their Mentor, instructor, adviser, and friend. One of them is so characteristically impressive of the fact, that it will serve by its insertion here to shew, that Hewitt and his wife were looked up to by those who valued intelligence and integrity, though but privates in the ranks of the British army. The author gives a copy of the letter, and he does not fear that men of generous minds will fail to appreciate its merits, though it may have many literal defects. The letter is written on a sheet of foolscap paper,

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and contains a most accurately traced map, made from observation, and which would be no disgrace to any officer of engineers, whose education might enable him to appreciate its accuracy. The author alters not a word, nor a letter, intentionally. The handwriting is not bad, though old fashioned; still, it is a genuine production. It is from his old comrade, Leonard.

Kingston, 9th of August, 1840.

"Good Mentor,

"I have Endeavoured to the Best of my Judgment to give you a True map as far as my Abilities Goes; this is very True you may Depend, for you only have to Consider that I always had my walk Round the Lower fort once Every Day at Least. And sometimes twice a week and Never Missed going once a week to the Upper Fort. And Principally to See his Highness the Rajah of Curnool Who was a

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State Prisiner in the Citidal.—you shall hear More of him in My future Letters—I shall not enter Into the Account of Bellary Untill my Next Letter, which will be wholely taken upon that Place. I hope you have Received the papers I Sent you, In one was an Account of Napoleon Trying to Poison himself at Fontenbleau. But how to take it for Truth is Still a Secret with me. I shall not say anything in this Letter of our Journal more than to say, I have got a Great Deal of Matter for your Information, Both pain and Pleasure, I have to say that I have with my Mrs Enjoyed the Charms of our Fair, and Summer's Cheering Delight.—But through all our Delights I have Never once Forgotten you and your Family in my Jovial Glass—No Hewitt this time 31 years we were you know well, on our half-Starved Retreat. And at the time you Get this Letter we were I Suppose Upon Enter-

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ing the Lofty But Pleasant Hills of Garasiaga, not far from pizzaro's Native Place. However my Friend these are all Bygone Days—But Still I Look Back, to Some of those Scenes with Pleasure. of all the Countreys I ever was In, Spain Certainly Gives me the greatest Pleasure to think off, as for Portugal My thoughts Seldom Goes there without it is to Bring to Mind our Affair in punhetta. And some more Little adventures.—Spain is Romantic And Grand in its Appearance Good and Virtuous People But a Bad Government, which I think Providence will alter, as the present times seems to foretell some Events for Bettering Spain. In Some of your future Letters, I should Like your opinion upon the Present State of the World as Regards its Warfare Position. And what you think of England, I am Afraid She is going Down Hill. Also Russia, Prussia, Austria, France. Our

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Eastern possessions, And China, not Forgetting the New found out Country in the South Pole Quarter.

"I have Been Requested to Let you Know that Mr. Becket sends his kind Respects to you and Mrs. Hewitt and he wishes you to give the Same to Lones when you have the Pleasure to see him. I had him at my House Spending one Day with Us, when we Talked over a good many Old Olds.

"I told you In one of My Former Letters that he had Married Jackey Boon's wife who was Killed Near Salamanca, this Woman died about 16 years Ago And the Old Lady B now consequently, is the Second wife. Becket seems to do very well—at present keep a Grocer's Shop, and sells Beer But not to Be drunk in the house.

"You will give our kind wishes to Mrs. Hewitt and Children. And May the Blessing of the

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Almighty God, Attend you and your Family in all your Affairs, is Hewitt, the Constant wish of your old Fellow Traveller.

"J. LEONARD.

"To Thomas Hewitt.

"P.S.—Charming fine Weather at this time."

Who shall say that this is not an honest, hearty, intelligent letter, from a common soldier to an old comrade? Could the reader see the map, as drawn by this brave fellow's pen, he would say, if he had a son in India, "I wish my boy would trace me such a one." Should Leonard be now alive, he need not be ashamed that it is in the possession of the author of this book.

This letter has been introduced, simply to shew that the man to whom it was written was worthy of respect though at that time in reduced circumstances, which, alas! were soon followed

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by a severe blow. News reached him from his uncle at Hingham, that his father was dead.

This was a sudden blow; and, as Hewitt had not been in very good health, it occasioned a depression of spirits to which he had never before been subject. The loss of his little daughter, Martha, might have predisposed his mind to melancholy; the falling off of the profits of his teaching might have created unwonted anxiety in a man of strong nerve; and, when such causes for grief are accompanied by bodily weakness, the stoutest heart is forced to yield to the common afflictions of human nature. The death of a father, who had been a kind friend to Hewitt, and for whom he felt the deepest respect, was at this moment severely felt.

"I wonder, my dear," said he to his wife, "whether I shall receive any intimation from any of the family to attend his funeral? I should

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wish to be there. It must now be known what allowance he has made me, and how it is to be continued; perhaps I shall hear in a day or two. If not, I shall go to Hingham, and hear what my uncle says to it."

"We shall certainly hear soon, and as it is near the quarter-day, some one will write to you. I should not be surprised if something in the shape of a legacy were left for you; and it would come very acceptably at the present time. At all events, there could be no harm in your paying the outward respect to your father's memory, by attending, even if unknown, at the funeral."

"I shall wait a day or two, and, if I hear nothing, I shall go over."

He waited, but each day passed and brought nothing but increased anxiety. So off the poor fellow started for Hingham, and thence for N——.

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As he had been at the 'Crown' several times, and was known to be in some way or another connected with the deceased, though the exact relationship was not known, the landlord was not surprised to see him enter his house with a countenance of unfeigned sorrow.

"We have lost the Squire, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you are come over to the funeral. Ah! Sir, he was a good-hearted, kind gentleman. We shall many of us miss him, and the poor most of all."

"When is the funeral to take place?"

"To-morrow, Sir. Are you going up to the house?"

"No, Landlord, I shall take up my quarters with you. I had a great respect for the deceased gentleman, and have walked from Norwich on purpose that I may see the last duties paid to his remains. Who are his nearest relatives?"

"He has none very near, that I know of.

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His lady is living, and a sister of hers' resides with her. There are no lineal descendants of the Squire's alive. He has been altering very visibly for some months. Did you know him before you first came here, Sir?"

"I knew him when I was a boy, landlord, and have received from him many personal kindnesses, and I think he had a great regard for me. But he is gone, and I shall never forget his kindness."

"I have no doubt many will feel and say the same; and I, for one, shall always feel respect for his memory. Are you going to look at the vault to-day? if so, I will walk with you."

"I shall be glad of your company. I never was in N—— Church. It will have a painful place in my memory, on account of the occasion."

"You speak very feelingly of our late Squire, and I am sure he deserved your good opinion.

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Ah, Sir, we cannot live for ever, and wealth will not keep a rich man alive one day longer than a poor one."

"Of that, I know nothing. It must be as God pleases; His will must be done, and not our own. If you had been spared in as many scenes of death as I have, you would learn to know the value of your latter days, compared with that of your early ones."

"Have you been in many battles?"

"I have been in almost all that were fought in the Peninsula, and have survived them twenty-seven years. Wealth may not keep a man alive beyond his time; but poverty, with a large family calling upon you for bread, and you not strong enough to earn it, must make you so over-anxious as imperceptibly to shorten your days. It is pleasant to be able to leave something behind you for your widow and children."

"Yes Sir, it is pleasant to a man, perhaps,

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to be enabled so to do; but, if he be not, I do not see that he ought to let it shorten his life. We all live by God's providence; if we can do no more ourselves for those we leave, we can always pray to Him who is a father to the fatherless, and the God of the widow; and, if we can see with the eye of faith, how provident he has been for us, we ought not to doubt his care of them."

Hewitt turned round with sudden astonishment, looked the man earnestly in the face, and said:

"There is truth in that, beyond the power of any to gainsay. I did not expect such a speech from a publican. You have done me as much good as if an angel had crossed my path."

"I have only spoken an every-day axiom of Christian life, and one which I have heard so many times inculcated from the pulpit of our

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Church, that, sinner as I am, I cannot forget it. I see too many, however, who neglect their wives and families for their own gratification; and, as far as in me lies, I have endeavoured to convince those who frequent my tap too often, that they are doing an injury to themselves and their families, for which they will not forgive themselves at the last. You may think it strange, that I should thus shorten, as you would term it, my own profits; but I have never found it do so. On the contrary, no man comes to my house to drink more than he ought, and I never trust any man to take a pint without paying for it. I have not had a drunkard in my house for twenty years."

"If every one did but follow your maxim, we should find the blessings of God properly used, and not abused. You give me much pleasure. I am a man, landlord, who has a wife and five children:—a pensioner, with two

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sons in the British Army, and three good daughters at home. I have been enabled, by industry, to bring them up decently, and to give them comforts which many do not possess; but I have found my pursuit failing me of late, and I fear that it may totally fail. Still I ought to be thankful; yet, I fear that I am not sufficiently so. But here we are at the Church. It is a very fine structure; what is the name of it?"

"It is St. Andrew's. The clerk is now going into the Church, let us follow him."

Hewitt, and the landlord of the Crown inn, went into the Church of N——. Their first inquiry was concerning the time of the funeral. Then followed an inspection of the spot where Squire H—— was to be interred, and many questions on subjects in which the general reader would be but little interested. He may be already tired of the heaviness, or, as he may

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term it, prosiness of this chapter; but, if he have any taste for architecture, he should go and inspect N—— Church.

It is a magnificent fabric, with a lofty tower, and was built in the fifteenth century; the nave, aisles, and chancel are in conformity with the exterior of the edifice, and the roof of the nave, is of beautifully carved oak, ornamented with eagles, with expanded wings. If the visitor examine the north side of the chancel, he will find a very elaborate piece of workmanship, upon which some antiquarians might write a volume. The upper part is formed of curiously-wrought spiral work, with arched canopies and niches, and in the lower compartment, there are three effigies of men in armour, separated by three trees.

After much conversation with the old clerk, relative to the deceased Squire, in which very honourable mention was made of his generosity and general kindness to the poor, Hewitt and the

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landlord returned to the inn, and as the ice, which is generally pretty thick in this northern clime, was now broken between them, they melted towards each other, and, to the great comfort of the lonely traveller, he was permitted to spend the evening of that day with this good landlord's family: a better specimen of an honest old English inn-keeper, did not exist in his day.

But the morrow came—the funeral came: as private as it well could be in a populous village: but two mourners, the servants, and numerous work-people. In the multitude, not one heart was more grieved than that of the British soldier, who felt what he never revealed to any one but his God. He saw the last act of friendship paid to the memory of the deceased; and, when others had retired, he remained, to reflect awhile upon one whom he never, to his very last hour, forgot. In silent thoughtfulness and prayer, he

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saw the tomb closed up, and, returning to the inn, took a grateful leave of the good landlord, and started again for Hingham.

No notice had been taken of him at the funeral: he passed for a stranger, and as a stranger conducted himself; but he did not feel as such. He had lost a friend—and is there a living man who has known what this feeling is, and does not sympathize with this honest man, returning from his natural father's funeral, unknown by any, uninvited to it, but with a heart satisfied that he had performed an act of duty, of which it could never feel ashamed? Every man requires a friend.—May those who can best feel for others, never be without this support.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE WILL.

All men who have any property, should make their wills while they are in sound mind and body. They should never leave it to be done at the time when a physician is called in, or when they think they have but a few hours to live. The man, at such times, is not only apt to forget what property he is possessed of, but frequently repents, at the moment of death, that he has not done right, or has been too

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hasty, or has given some wrong direction, forgotten some one whom he wished to befriend, or left too great a sum for his residuary legatee.

A father of a family should remember that he is doing the last kind act by his wife and children, and, as it were, settling the claims of all his creditors honourably, in the sight of God and man. And he should always have this will made—even if he should have to make a new one on the first of January in every year. But he should take care to have but one, and to see the others destroyed. He may have two or three copies of that one will deposited in different places, but they should be exactly the same; and made with a composed mind and a Christian heart; and, as he would be done unto by others, so should he do to them. The right disposition of an honest man's property will always tend to his composure and comfort.

Men never die the sooner for having their

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affairs in this life wound up, their houses set in order, and all their temporalities disposed of as they ought to be. These things rather tend to lengthen than to shorten a man's existence. At all events, they tend to strengthen his mind; and, as every one knows he must die, and cannot tell when or how, so should he seize upon the first tranquil hour of his life to be prepared against his death.

"Very good advice!" many a reader may say; "all very good; but—" and this *but* has so many contrary bearings, that each one may find some excuse for not complying with it. If, however, any should comply, or should have previously complied with it, they will be sure to feel a satisfaction in reading this page.

"Our quarter-day has arrived, my dear," said Hewitt to his wife. "I have been to Mr. M——, and he has not received any order to pay me my dividend as usual. Something must be

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wrong. I am much disturbed about it. What ought I to do? I think I ought not to delay my application to the executor. I will inquire of Mr. M—— what would be best."

"You cannot do better. But do not be so much disturbed; all will, I dare say, be made right at last."

Hewitt had a long interview with Mr. M—— in his office; he strongly recommended him to obtain a copy of the will of the late Squire H——, and he assisted him so to do. But, in the mean time, as his necessities were very pressing, and delays might only add to his embarrassment, he recommended him to go and obtain an interview, if he could, with the widow of his parent. He might write a respectful letter, stating exactly the nature of his relationship, and requesting an interview with the lady or with some friend of hers. He thought he would be quite justified in his application, as

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it was impossible that she could be ignorant that he, Mr. M——, had constantly received for many years, the quarterly sum allowed him. It was, in fact, a mere matter of justice to his family. He would give him a note, certifying the bearer thereof to be the identical person into whose hands the money had been regularly paid.

"Do this," he added, "and then let me know the result of your application, and I will afterwards give you my best advice."

Hewitt was soon again at the Crown Inn, N—, and wrote a respectful letter to the widow of Squire H—, stating the circumstances in which he had been left, and, with the utmost delicacy, requesting her kind consideration of his claims, and an interview with the lady, or with some one of her confidential advisers.

This letter was taken up to the mansion, and an answer sent to the bearer that some

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one would come down to the inn, and speak to the man.

The lady sent, accordingly, her housekeeper, who, like all officials entrusted to settle a matter off-hand, and to send the applicant about his business, appeared before the dejected soldier with all the borrowed consequence of her mistress.

"Are you the man that wrote a letter to my mistress, calling yourself the son of my deceased master, and seeking for money at her hands? This is too old a trick to be played in these times; so, the sooner you give it up, and go about your business, the better. My mistress declines having anything to do with you. Landlord!" and she called the landlord in, "this impertinent fellow is an impostor! He has been writing a threatening letter to Mrs. H——, to obtain money under false pretences, and if you do not turn

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him out of your house, you ought not to remain in it. Ask him what business he had to dare to send a letter up to my mistress at all! Your boy brought the letter. I am sure you could not have known what kind of epistle it was, or, from your well-known respectability, I am sure you would not have permitted him to carry it up to the house; and, most assuredly, had I known the kind of person it came from, it should never have gone into my good lady's hand. She is quite upset by it! Poor thing! after her recent loss too, to have such an attack made upon her by such a scurrilous tramp as this! It is enough to make her seriously ill, landlord, and the sooner you get rid of the fellow the better; if he will not go by fair means, he ought to be set in the stocks, and then pelted with rotten eggs out of the village."

Hewitt and the landlord heard out this despe-

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rate-tongued woman, who, the further she went, appeared to be the more violent, and assumed a character which she found no difficulty in acting, as long as she was uninterrupted. She went on with such eloquent abuse and such absurd assertions, threatening so loudly the stocks, pillory, gaol, transportation, and even hanging—though that she said was too good for him, that at last she came to a stand-still; but not before she had revealed the secret which the stranger had never mentioned to the landlord. He saw how matters were; and, calling to mind some early occurrences, and reports which he had heard when he first came to N——, he was not so much surprised, though most deeply interested in the case. He thought it best to let Hewitt have the settling of his own affairs, and he therefore kept silence.

The poor fellow, perfectly conscious that he had done nothing to disgrace himself, gave

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a pretty good guess respecting the voluntary part, if nothing worse, that this foolish woman was acting; and, with the calmness of a man who had seen too much real strife to let the ongue of a virago afflict him, replied with a very simple question, and with such a look of earnestness, that the woman herself began to tremble.

"Landlord," said he, "you have heard what this woman has said—bear witness to my question. If she does not give me a straightforward answer to it, I will then trouble you to put on your hat, and walk up to the house with me. Now, young woman, have you any message to deliver to me from your mistress? Has your mistress sent me anything by your hands? If you have anything to deliver, do it at once, as becomes a good servant. For I will never believe that any lady in England would give utterance to any such language as you have

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made use of, when she has been most respectfully addressed, and cannot have been provoked to displeasure. Give me your answer."

Confusion sat upon the official's brow, whilst deep interest flushed the indignant face of the landlord; but the soldier kept his eye intently fixed upon that impudent countenance, which now, fairly abashed and confused, displayed the most ridiculous embarrassment. So does a bombastic fool tremble before a wise man's searching inquiry, and often confounds himself in a labyrinth of shame, from which he is compelled, awkwardly enough, to blunder out; conscious that he receives what he deserves—contempt.

"Oh dear me!—Yes—yes!—I had forgotten. I was to—to say, that my mistress received your letter, and would consult with a friend upon the subject of your application. And yes—dear me, I had forgotten. Yes—my mistress

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sends you a guinea, and hopes you will be satisfied."

Here, in a great flurry, she presented a guinea, neatly wrapped up in white paper, as though it had been a fee for consultation with some physician. But Hewitt very firmly refused to take it.

"Make my respects to your mistress, and say that I received a promise that the annuity which your late master allowed me, should be secured to me for life. The quarter is now due, and as I have a wife and young family, I should be obliged to her to pay it punctually. Pray tell your mistress, I shall remain in this place until she sends some more respectable person than yourself to confer with me upon a subject of such importance. I have sufficient testimonials with me to prove to her the facts I stated in my letter; but I do not choose to trust them with a person

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who cuts so poor a figure as you do, for a respectable or confidential servant. Take the guinea back to your mistress; and remember, do not keep it from her, as perhaps you might have intended to do from me."

With a toss of the head, and an indignant stamp of the foot, the woman left the inn; but without uttering a single word. What kind of tale she made up for her mistress's ear, no one, probably, will ever know. Perhaps she cooled upon the matter as she walked home; perhaps she thought better of the stranger she had seen; perhaps she was a little conscience-smitten for her own improper speech: be it as it may, she certainly informed her mistress of the interview she had had, and that she was unable to persuade the applicant to leave the place, and she mentioned also the subject of the annuity. For, the next day, after he had breakfasted with the landlord, and been treated by

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him with more respect than usual, a gentleman called to speak with Hewitt alone.

This gentleman was a contrast, indeed, to the unfeeling woman who had visited him the day before. He was in deep mourning, and in appearance, speech, and manners, was an easy and conversable man. Hewitt found him quite as firm and positive, as the former messenger had been flippant.

"I am come by the desire of Mrs. H——, to speak to you upon a very delicate subject. You must be aware, in the first instance, that you have no claim of relationship upon her; in the next, if not aware of the fact, I can assure you of it, that your name is not mentioned in the late Mr. H——'s will, and that you can, therefore, have no legal claim upon his estate. I would advise you then, not to trouble the widow with any importunities, as I know she will not listen to them."

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"Are you aware, Sir, that I have had a quarterly allowance for the last twenty years, or nearly so?—that this letter to the agent, who has hitherto paid me the same, contains a promise of its being paid punctually during my life?—that these letters certify the dates of payment, these the acknowledgment of my claims upon him for support, and these the character of the poor man who now addresses you?"

"May I look at those letters? Would you permit me to make an extract or two?"

"Most assuredly, if you please. I hope they will convince you that I am not seeking to impose upon you any fictitious tale. You will find this one is from an alderman of Norwich, who was well acquainted with my deceased parent; and this, Sir, is that parent's reply. I ask you, as an honest man, if you can say that I have no claim upon the estate of my parent?"

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"I do not see that any of these letters give you any legal claim to the consideration of the executors of the deceased. They fully admit the natural claims which you assert, and beyond all doubt prove much affection for you, and, at the same time, are highly creditable to yourself; but, I do not see that they afford you any pretext for calling upon the widow to fulfil any engagement not expressed in the will of the deceased. I do not see how I could recommend her to admit a claim which has no legal authority to establish it."

"What you say, Sir, may be very true, as far as law is concerned; but do you not see the admission, that the allowance was to be for my life? And is it too much to expect, that a widow should fulfil the intentions of her husband?"

"I do not understand that his intentions have been so expressed to his wife in his life-

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time. And there is much in those very letters which would induce me to suppose, that the various sums which he advanced were in lieu of any legacy; and that what he allowed during his life, he intended as the utmost he would do for you. But, at all events, nothing is left for you, and I am sure you can obtain nothing, as you are even personally unknown to the lady."

"May I ask, Sir, for a copy of my father's will?—Where can I obtain a sight of it?"

"You can obtain permission to see it when probate is granted, and you may obtain a copy of it from Doctors' Commons; but I can assure you of its contents, and it may save you some expense if you will be satisfied with my information."

"I think it so very extraordinary that no mention of my name should be made in it, that, for my own satisfaction, I shall certainly obtain a copy of it. I cannot understand why

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my annuity should cease, without any mention of it."

"We have found a cheque, partly drawn in the hand-writing of the deceased, for the then coming quarter, which, though not strictly speaking liable to payment, I am nevertheless ordered by the widow to hand over to you: but you must consider it quite as a final transaction. I assure you it is already considered such by her. So that, I trust you will importune her no further."

"I am obliged to you, Sir, for this. I am in no condition to refuse anything which was intended for me by my deceased parent; and, however much I may grieve to have been so strangely disappointed, I shall never cease to reverence his memory. He was a kind friend to me: I hope he is in a happier world. Pray make my respects to his widow, Sir, and say that I would not ask anything more for myself;

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but if, hereafter, I be removed from this troublesome world, and my poor family should become distressed, if she would not reject the appeal of the destitute, but befriend them—it would be some consolation to the disappointed."

The gentleman left the poor man to reflect upon his father's will—upon his future position —upon his poor success! He left him to pocket his letters, and his father's last cheque, half drawn by him, and completed by his executrix. Did a word of disrespect to any one escape his lips? No: a soldier, who had marched over mountains and through morasses, and experienced so many sufferings in the retreats of Badajos and Salamanca, without a murmur, was not likely to complain, however much he might endure the severity of disappointment.

He returned to his afflicted wife and children. His good partner shared his misfortune with

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becoming fortitude, and only sorrowed to see the silent grief which preyed upon her husband's mind. She was as cheerful as she could be, and worked day and night to keep the wolf from the door. Not all her industry, not all the affectionate attention of herself and daughters, could lift up the head of her husband. His strength began to fail him. His cough became troublesome, and it was evident to those who loved him best, that a settled melancholy began to overspread his mind. Still, like the occasional flickering of an expiring lamp, his spirit would sometimes blaze up and shine, as though he had received fresh vigour.

He saw Mr. M——, consulted with him, obtained a copy of his father's last will, brooded over it, found that it was dated the 18th of December, 1818, (when he was with his regiment in Australia,) and grieved —deeply grieved to think that, owing to the

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miscarriage of *all* his letters, that father should have thought him dead!—And that, when he found him alive, and was reconciled to him, he should have left him penniless!

That copy of the will now lies before the author of this work, and will form a subject for reflection in a future chapter. Alas! the real sufferings of life, if simply narrated, are more touching than all the fictions of fancy, or the visions of romance. May they produce patience, increase faith, hope, and charity, in those who read them—and all will be the better for their instruction.

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CHAPTER IX.

DOMESTIC ANXIETIES.

Domestic anxieties will weigh down the spirits of the bravest soldier, if accompanied by unexpected embarrassments. Still, they ought not to overwhelm any man who does not bring them upon himself by guilty conduct. Health must decay—sorrow every man is heir to—misfortunes and afflictions visit the best of men; but integrity, integrity will bear him up against all the reproaches of men, though he cannot answer

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one word to his God, in whose sight integrity, however great, is nothing but filthy rags. The greatest patience was required in the case of the severest sufferer among mortals, Job. He could answer every man, but he could not speak a word in argument with God.

Our heroine had many a long and serious conversation with her husband, who, sinking under his depressing circumstances, required the cheering voice of consolation to lift him up from darkness.

"I have looked over this will, my dear;" he one day said, "and I seem to be the only person forgotten in it. My father and I never had a word of dispute, we never had a reproach between us, and here I see every body thought of but myself. Legacies to the grandchildren of his uncle, legacies to the niece of his wife, legacy to her sister, legacy to a godchild, legacies to his servants, legacies to the churchwardens of the parish for

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the benefit of the poor, legacy to his executor, and all the rest to his wife and her relatives—and, with all his estates thus disposed of, not a single penny to his poor, unfortunate son! Had I but remained in Australia, this would have been spared me; and you, my dear wife, would not by this time have had the agony of being likely to be destitute."

"Do not grieve, Thomas, about things which are past, and cannot be helped. If wrong has been done you by any self-interested person, it will not be long before a righteous God will call him to account. But it is best for us, my dear, to look upon the matter as an accidental misfortune, to which all men are liable; and let us treat it as such. We now know the worst; we must build upon our own future exertions. I must endeavour to get the girls into some respectable employment, and we must live as closely as we can. You have still the pension

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of a British soldier, and I see no occasion to despair. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. We may meet with friends, we are now not so badly off as thousands; and, if I could but see you a little more cheerful and more thankful, I should be happy."

Let even a tender wife say what she will, let prudence talk with propriety, let reflection, and argument, and strength of resolution be summoned—nothing but faith in religion can support disappointment. A son who had never offended a father—a son who had honoured him with all the respect due to him—to whom he had ever manifested the utmost affection—to be cut off without a penny, and to find himself forgotten, must feel keenly, so keenly that nothing but a dependance upon God, nothing but a Christian faith which rises superior to all earthly considerations, can enable him to bear the pang. But

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faith can endure such and far greater misfortunes, and leave them all behind as so many momentary troubles, not worthy of a single regret.

The good wife applied herself diligently to the task of duty before her. Hewitt had occasionally a call to some easy duty, and the children were assiduous to earn something for their support. Our heroine applied to one of the most respectable houses in Norwich. She had an interview with Mrs. Taylor, the stay-maker, of Upper St. Giles Street, who very properly demurred for a long time as to the reception of the daughters into her establishment, because she had no recommendations of weight with them. The very urgent and repeated prayers of the mother and daughters united, at last prevailed. This kind-hearted woman was touched with their earnest solicitations, and her letter to the author of these pages,

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in answer to his inquiries as to their respectability, is very satisfactory to him, and he humbly hopes it may prove acceptable to the public, as another proof of the worthiness of those for whom he has thus ventured to claim public sympathy.

"13, Upper St. Giles St. Norwich,
"Jan. 2, 1846.

"Sir,

"In answer to your inquiry of this morning, respecting the two daughters of Mrs. Hewitt, I am very happy in being able to bear testimony to their good conduct during the two years and a half they have been in my work-room.

"I must observe that they came under my notice without any recommendation, and it was only the persevering application of the mother and daughters united, that induced me to receive them as workwomen at all, they being quite

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unknown to me; but I am happy to say, I have not to regret accepting their services.

"I am,

"Sir,

"Your's very respectfully,

"ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

"To

"The Rev. Richard Cobbold."

They worked hard, as all sempstresses must do, to earn bread. It takes a great many scratches of a pen even to write this narrative; and, whilst thousands are asleep, the author, whose time is constantly occupied by various duties in the day, steals from the night some hours of sweet labour for the benefit, he hopes, of others. But what are his labours compared to those of too many poor females, who, to meet the demands of the fashionable ladies of the land, have to work sometimes night and

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day. Stitch after stitch, stitch after stitch, without cessation; thousands, thousands, still thousands of thousands of stitches; ay, neatly, carefully, accurately done, or all must be done over again, or another must be employed; and, after all, to carry home a small pittance for a broken-down father and a weary mother!

Oh, reader! how happy we ought to feel that some cheerfulness of conversation, some interesting narrative, or, it may be, some instructive lesson in poetry or prose, can enliven the tedious hours of a work-room, where active fingers stitch away for days, weeks, months and years, with only a cessation on the Sabbath; that blessed day of rest to thousands who otherwise would wear hands and heads to pieces in a very short time. As boys or girls in a school are interested in each other, so are the workwomen in one room, in each other's welfare; and, were it not for the natural liveliness of spirit with which

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God has blessed the female portion of his creation, many of these poor creatures, who work till their heads, hands, and sides ache, would, as alas! they too often do, sink under their incessant labour.

Not all his daughter's labour of love, however, could remove the disorder which was gaining ground upon the heart and constitution of Hewitt. He was very fond of his children, delighted to see them go out in the morning, hasten home at noon, and come in again at night. He was proud of them also, took infinite pleasure in their society, and made them keep up their reading, and their domestic duties. But with all their work, they had a hard struggle. How hard, God only knew; but they did not flinch. Yet they could not help observing the gradual decline of their parent, whose constitution, from various causes, began seriously to change.

The Will, was his greatest source of sorrow.

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"I think, my dear," he would say to his wife, "that if the Marquis of Douro knew exactly my state, he might get me some light appointment under government, to ease us all in our affliction. My father's will is so unaccountably silent with regard to me, so unlike all his behaviour towards me, that I never can or will believe that his intentions were to leave me penniless."

"That, most likely, he did not intend; but why should you afflict yourself with these useless thoughts upon things you cannot alter. I think, perhaps, the Marquis of Douro might be enabled to do something for you; but I do not think your health would stand much fatigue. It is better for you to rest quietly, and let us work willingly for you. We are happy in so doing, I am sure our daughters apply themselves diligently to the task; and we are blessed in our children."

"Ah! my dear, I grieve, not to be in a better

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position for their sakes. I cannot bear to see you all working for me, when I ought to be earning something for you."

"You have earned it, my dear, and dearly too. Your seven shillings weekly is a constant earning, with no loss for bad weather. So do not accuse yourself of neglect."

"I do accuse myself of not exerting my powers to obtain some situation which would somewhat improve my condition; and, if I live a month longer, I will certainly draw up a petition to the Marquis of Douro, and get it authenticated by some gentlemen who know my case. But if I must close my career without any help, then God's will be done! I must be content to do as the good landlord of N— says, 'Commend you and my children to God, and leave the issue of all things to His wise disposal.'"

"That you should always do, let your successes, or misfortunes in life be what they may. Only

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remember how often you have inculcated better lessons than I can give you, upon your comrades. Our dear old friend, Dan Long, would have returned cent per cent for your instructions, and Leonard would have cheered us in our affliction. But think, dear husband, how thankful and how satisfied we should be, under the dispensations of God, wise as they undoubtedly are, and good as they are for us at this moment. Our sons are in the army, our daughters are in a most respectable house; all are dutiful and affectionate towards us, and we should feel satisfied and contented. You may write a petition to our member, but I fear you will make but a sorry petitioner, and not be the more satisfied afterwards. Come, my dear, let us put our trust in Him, who has covered our heads in the day of battle, and affords us the present peace, which is good for us in affliction."

In such strain did our heroine frequently

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converse with her sick husband, whose declining health made all his affections for his family more lively, while, at the same time, it convinced him that his own strength was fast failing him.

He received his children, when they returned from their labours, with more than common fondness and interest; always counted on their return, and, though his increasing feebleness prevented him from holding much lively conversation, yet he would always perform the last act of family devotion, and give them his blessing.

He would never keep his bed, though his weakness daily increased upon him. He would walk out as long as he was able. He would walk down to the Market-Place, ascend the Castle Hill, and stand, seemingly lost in meditation, looking over the city and the distant hills. The air did him good, as long as he could enjoy it, and his soldier spirit loved that airy spot, so well calculated to fill a mind like

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his with pious thoughts. Nor did the soldier forget his prayers. They were offered up from that spot, as he used to tell his wife, with perfect charity to all, and in humble thankfulness for past mercies. On the Sabbath, he and his family always attended the cathedral service, and, in the evening, they enjoyed their father's conversation upon what they heard in the day.

It was after his last walk upon the Castle Hill, that Hewitt returned with more than usual cheerfulness. He talked a long time with his wife upon the history of Norwich, its various changes, sicknesses, distresses, and rebellions; its great men in every department, ecclesiastical, civil, naval, military, and scientific; and astonished her with such a discourse upon all that he had read, that she was at a loss to conceive how he could have retained such knowledge. But he appeared much better that day than he had done for some time, and, in the evening, he

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resolved to draw up a memorial to one of the members for Norwich.

That address was never completed; what he wrote that night, now lies, in his own handwriting, before the author; and, as it speaks the calmness of the man's mind, and contains the last words the brave fellow ever wrote, it may not prove unacceptable to those readers who have taken an interest in this narrative. It is therefore given verbatim.

"TO THE MARQUIS OF DOURO.

"Most noble Lord,

"The writer of this memorial is an old soldier, who has spent his best years in the service of his country; and who has been, from a sad reverse of fortune, proceeding from circumstances which he had no control over, reduced to great distress.

"He begs leave to state to your Lordship that

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nothing but the greatest distress of body and mind, could have induced him to take the great liberty of addressing himself to one of your exalted rank.

"Your memorialist states that he served in the Egyptian army, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in ten general actions under his Grace the Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular war; and that his wife was present with him during the whole of that war, and at different periods, during the time she was servant to General Hamilton, had the pleasure of waiting upon his Grace your father, and that at other times she was employed in the care of different wounded officers, particularly Colonel Erskine, who was wounded at the storming of Badajos, and Colonel White, wounded at the battle of Pamplona;* and that she is the mother of seven

* This is the only discrepancy in the account. In the foregoing part of the narrative, it is stated that it was at Vit-

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sons, born in the 48th. Five died in that regiment, and two are now serving her Majesty.

"Your memorialist further states that he was finally discharged from the army in 1823, with a pension of 1*s.* 1½*d.* per diem. That, being the only son of a gentleman of independent property, (T— H— Esq., who resided at N—— in this county) a gentleman, my Lord, who was well known to our two Members of Parliament for West Norfolk, and also to Mr. Wodehouse for the East, whose principles my father has ever supported with his whole interest. That upon my being discharged as before stated, my father allowed me £30 a year to assist me in bringing up my family, with the constant assurance that it should be continued for my life; but, since his death, which took place now three years ago, I have been entirely deprived of that

toria that Colonel White was wounded. Could it be at both?—AUTHOR.

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assistance by his executors. And, as the Will which has been produced and sworn to, was made and signed twenty years back, when I was serving with my regiment near Botany Bay; and at that period, from my having no communication with him, was supposed to be dead, my name is not mentioned in the will, nor is here the least chance of my ever getting one penny from those good people, who now have his property.

"Thus, my Lord, is an honest man, who has been brought up under the stern but wholesome discipline of a long war—for I ran away from school, and enlisted into the 48th at twelve years of age—by one stroke of bad fortune, deprived of the means of bringing up his family, and what makes my case almost too hard for human"—

And here, the petition leaves off, either as if

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the soldier wanted courage to ask of the great General's son, the required assistance, or had not nerve sufficient to finish the most afflicting portion of his prayer. It comprehends, however, the brief summary of these pages, and, to a soldier's heart, will speak more forcibly, perhaps, than anything which the author may have narrated.

From too great exertion, probably of both mind and body, he was compelled to postpone the finishing of his petition. He complained of lassitude, and retired early to bed. Filled with the thoughts of what he had been writing, or with some presentiment of his coming end, he spent a very restless night, frequently rising up, and continuing in prayer and watchfulness, saying that he heard sweet music, far superior to the festival's most harmonious band.

"My petition, my dear, will be of no avail; I do not think I shall live to get it presented.

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I hope God will take care of you, I pray for you, and for our children, and for all men. I am thankful, very thankful, that I rest in peace."

Towards the dawn, the poor fellow sank into a soft slumber, and his wife and children did not awake him in the morning. His daughters went to their work at their usual hour, little thinking they should never see their father again alive. His wife was seated in the room below, filled with many an anxious thought about a husband whom she had reason to look up to and to love, for his devotion to herself, in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow.

She was surprised to hear him getting up, for she knew, from his general character, that he was a man who seldom uttered what he felt, without the full consciousness of its certainty, and she thought he would keep his bed. He came down stairs, looking very pale and very composed; but there was a spirit within him,

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moving his poor weak body strangely, and preparing its wings to quit its frail, changing tenement, and to fly away. His countenance was benign, as he sat down in his arm chair, looking first at his wife with love, and then at the clock with anxiety. Time was no more for him!

"I wish the girls would come home, my dear," said he, "I cannot think what makes them so late to-night! (though it was then but ten o'clock in the morning) I wish to see them, and to bless them." He put forth his hand, lifted up his head, which fell back upon his chair, and the soldier's spirit was gone, leaving all his domestic anxieties for ever!

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THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

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THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

CHAPTER X.

THE WIDOW.

SELDOM do rich widows see performed the last duties to the remains of their husbands. It is not the fashion. The funeral service is not for them, though its consolations may be great, to all who cherish the spirit of devotion in which it was written. It is for *poor* women to follow to the grave their lamented friends,

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and to see that the last ceremony be decently performed. There are exceptions even to the general prevalence of fashion in this respect, and noble women have thought it their duty, notwithstanding the force of custom, to break through that unfeeling habit of disrespect, by which common nature and common decency are too often set at defiance.

A long train of mourning coaches, horses and hearse, with nodding plumes, all conducted with such punctilious ceremony that the undertaker prides himself upon its imposing effect upon the public; coachmen in cloaks, and outriders with sweeping hatbands, passing, it may be, through the gayest part of the metropolis; the physician, clergyman, surgeon, lawyer, perchance the heir-at-law, or one or two male relations; with one coach full of domestics, male and female, form the usual demonstration of mourning for a great man. But the partner, the daughters, the

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dearest friends of the deceased, see the funeral depart; and, when the grave has closed over the remains, and a handsome tomb is erected, they then may visit the spot.

In a little country village, and among decent, poor people, the widow thinks it her duty to see her lord and master placed in the grave, and to join in prayer to God that when she shall depart this life, she may rest in the same hope as he does. Thank God, none are doomed to perform any act of self-immolation at their husband's funerals, as among the deluded, superstitious Hindoos; nor does the writer of these pages ever wish to see the mourner, heartwrung with wretchedness, at the grave of her relative. He has seen funerals of all classes, and, though he detests pomp at such times, yet he honours and respects the motive which prompts the survivors to pay the last sad tribute at the grave

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of those they loved, and he writes these sentences for their consolation.

Our heroine, now the soldier's widow, parted with many little things to enable her to see her husband decently interred. She and her daughters, and her son, in the Coldstream Guards, with such friends as respected him whilst he was alive, followed him with mournful hearts to his silent grave, in the parish of St. Martin's, Palace Plains, in the City of Norwich, and returned to their humble dwelling to speak of their bereavement, to talk over his memory, and of the thousand good things which he had done in his life. But what must the widow now do? She found her eyes growing dim, before the usual period; and she was unable to do as she had used. Either from early care and fatigue in following her husband to the wars, or from witnessing, with sorrow, his misfor-

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tunes, she found that her eyes would not allow of the same exertion as formerly. The very bible print began to be indistinct before her, and though with a very strong light she could, by great effort, make out the words, yet for the most part they began to present such a mingled appearance, that she was compelled to wait till her daughters could find time to read to her.

She never forgot her duty of prayer, nor her accustomed attention to cleanliness. Her house was put in order; her daughters were her comfort, and all they could do to alleviate her sufferings, they most affectionately performed. But when the few things which a poor widow has, are parted with, and the bills for her husband's funeral, and her own and her daughters' plain black gowns, are paid, there remains but a small surplus, if any, to provide bread for the week.

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The wolf now stared her in the face more fiercely than in the days of desolation in Spain. Poverty is a hungry wolf—ever craving, and feeding most cruelly upon those who are surrounded with nothing but cares, vexations, and distresses. His famished jaws look as if they would devour anything; and truly, he stared at the soldier's widow as if he would destroy her. But she put her trust in God, and was not totally forsaken.

Her pension was gone, and she had now nothing but the exertions of her two industrious daughters to depend upon for her support. Her youngest child was unable to earn anything. She was admitted into the infant-school of the parish, and was very kindly treated by the Rev. Mr. Day. As if, however, the widow's cup of sorrow were not yet full, her eldest daughter was taken ill, and she was thus deprived of her strongest arm. Her landlord, the keeper

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of the Ten Bells, who had known her so long, as also his wife, were very kind to her; and but for them, the poor widow would have sunk under her depressing circumstances. Mr. Yarrington was a very good friend to her, and interested himself in her behalf. But, after a time, these friends, who could only afford temporary relief, seriously advised her to make application to the Board of Guardians, and her landlord spoke to the Relieving Officer in her behalf.

"You must," he said, "make application to the Board. However unpleasant it may be to you, there is no other resource for you in your affliction. I have given your name to the Relieving Officer, and he will bring it before the Board."

A "Board of Guardians," though the name is such a friendly, fatherly, protecting designation for men to bear, is, for any

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poor man to stand before, a formidable body. Guardians!—guardians of the poor!—guardians of the parish!—guardians of the Union!—assembled on a Board-day, at a long table, exhibit a very imposing aspect for a trembling man, woman, or child to behold.

"Must I go myself, Sir?" said the widow. "Do they require me personally to state all the circumstances of my misfortunes, before I can obtain relief? Could not you go for me? They would listen to you. I wish I could be spared this trial!"

"It is especially required, if you can go, that you should appear in person. You have no great distance to go, and our board is composed of some of the most intelligent men in the city: you need not be afraid."

The widow sighed. She sighed to think that she must be reduced to this necessity! Yet, she thought of her children. She had now

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no pension—no allowance—no means of earning anything. She thought of her husband's career—of her double loss; and resolved to attend at the stated time, before the Guardians of the Union in which she resided.

She had but a short distance to go, compared with that which poor people in large country Unions have to travel. Who has not seen aged females tramping through the mire and snow, through wind and rain, in the bleakest weather, to apply to the Board of Guardians for relief? There they sit, in one common room, with wet shoes and stockings, and clothes drenched through, awaiting the summons of the officer to go before the Board. It is true, some do not heed it, for there are people who can feel no degradation; but there is no shame in an honest man's sorrow, at being compelled to stand before such a tribunal. The liberal inventors of the New Poor law think that there is no

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kind of hardship whatever, in poor people coming before the Board. Let but Heaven reduce any of them to the necessity of having to make the trial, and they will most wofully feel the hardship.

There are many most excellent men among those composing these Boards: in general, men of education and business habits, are selected for chairmen, and, very often, the best men in a parish are nominated as guardians; but the poor law they administer is, even by the very best Boards, acknowledged to be too severe. This is not the place to discuss the merits of that law, upon the administration of which, in mercy or severity, must depend the well-being or misery of the poor. The subject is mentioned to shew that the Board is not, and cannot be, other than a formidable body for poor men to apply to for relief.

In country parishes, who are the adminis-

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trators of this law, but men for the most part deeply interested in keeping down the relief as low as they can! And the law gives them a very powerful arm, to do so. Can any one be surprised that they should exercise it? The surprise would be, that they did not.

But our heroine was reduced to the necessity, and she went; she had no alternative, but to do so or starve. She sat down among numerous other applicants, till she was called in to the Board-room. She entered, with a heart beating violently, and limbs trembling till they knocked one against the other; as she entered, every eye beheld a tall, straight person, in deep mourning, with a countenance that spoke much sorrow; but with an air of past independence, that seemed now to say, indeed, "The wolf terrifies me."

"Walk up here, Mrs. Hewitt," said a voice

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from the chair. "What is your application here to-day."

The poor woman stood before the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and a numerous body of Guardians, the Clerk of the Board, the Relieving Officers, and the Governor of the House, and had to answer publicly any question which any man there present chose to put to her.

Severe, sometimes, are the cross-examinations which an applicant has to undergo; and, not always in the gentlest terms; for there sit, too often, accuser, judge, and jury, and the poor man has but little chance of escaping the utmost rigour of the law. Such, however, was not the case with the Board before which the soldier's widow stood, though, to her terrified vision, it might appear as if she stood before it like a criminal.

"What is your name? Where do you live?

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What age are you? How many children have you? What are your earnings? What do your children earn? How long have you been a widow? Have you any pension? Have you no means of subsistence? Are you able-bodied? Have you no friends? To what parish did your husband belong? How come you to be so reduced? Cannot you do something for a livelihood? Are you quite destitute?"

To all these questions our heroine made suitable and satisfactory replies; and narrated to the Board the simple account of her past life, who she was, what her husband was, and how he had died from disappointment and grief, at being unable to maintain her and her family; concluding with these words:

"I have been in most of the Peninsular battles, with my husband, and have stood with the soldiers of my country in the face of England's

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bitterest and most formidable enemies, but I never knew what fear was till this moment."

"Just go to the door a minute, Mrs. Hewitt."

And our heroine departed, every eye following her, as she walked, erect and firm, from the Board-room.

"This is a most extraordinary woman," said the Chairman, "and her history is very remarkable. I had heard, gentlemen, something of her circumstances before, though the woman was personally unknown to me. I have no reason whatever to doubt the facts that she states, and I think some interest should be made, to get her case reported to the Government. If we could find some one to report to her Majesty the condition she is now in, I feel persuaded some relief might be obtained for her. A memorial should be drawn up, either by the civic authorities, or by the woman herself, and attested by some credible

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witnesses. At all events, the woman is now destitute. Every widow should support one child, if able-bodied; but, in this case, I think there are some peculiarities which render her a proper object for the exercise of that privilege which we possess, of administering out-door relief. The daughters are of very good character, and are working at a very respectable house. The mother and child might be relieved out of doors, and, in the mean time, I will represent her case to some influential gentlemen, and see if any thing can be done for her. What relief shall be given?"

One suggested a shilling, and a stone of flour; another, two and sixpence; another, two shillings for the widow, and one shilling for the daughter.

"Well, suppose we allow three shillings per week for the present?"

And so it was agreed.

"Call her in."

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"Mrs. Hewitt, the Board have taken your case into consideration. They have been much struck with the account you have given them of your adventures, hardships, and dangers, and they think that if you were to memorialize Her Majesty, or make application to the Government, something would be done for you. The law does not allow us to do more for you, than to grant you three shillings per week; but I will not fail to represent your case to some friends, who, perhaps, may be of service to you."

The widow courtesied to the Chairman and the Board, thanked them for their commiseration, and returned to her habitation in Bell Lane, less terrified than when she left it.

In the mean time, her case was talked of in the city: exaggerated accounts got into the papers, and her sons saw, in the London journals, a long and erroneous account of their

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mother's life. She was persuaded, however, to apply to Her Majesty, to the Queen Dowager, and to the Duke of Wellington. She did so by memorial, and, after strict inquiry into her case, both among the magistracy and civic authorities, the result was favourable to her application, and, with characteristic honesty, she informed the Relieving-Officer of the assistance she had received, and gave up the relief from the Board.

As the widow gave the author of her history the names of the magistrates through whom she received the relief, he trusts it will not be considered improper to give, in this place, the authenticated proofs of the accuracy of these statements, for which he applied to those gentlemen, and to whom he takes this public opportunity of tendering his sincere acknowledgments.

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The first is from Sir William Foster, Bart., late Mayor of Norwich.

"Dear Sir,

"I am no longer Mayor of Norwich; but with regard to Mrs. Hewitt, I believe her to be a very respectable woman. The Queen Dowager last year sent her five pounds. I tried to get a pension for her, but failed. I think it a case in which the Government, or Royal Family, should do something. The woman's husband and all her sons, served in the army.

"Your's faithfully,

"Wm. Foster.

"Norwich, 6th of Jan., 1846.

"To the Rev. Richard Cobbold."

The next is from the Rev. J. D. Borton, one of the magistrates of the county.

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"Blofield,

"Jan., 8, 1846.

"My dear Sir,

"I have, for the two last days, been accidentally prevented replying to your inquiry respecting Mrs. Hewitt.

"About eighteen months ago, I received a letter from a friend at the Horse-Guards, inclosing a memorial she had sent to the Duke of Wellington, and requesting that I would make what inquiry I could, as to the truth of the particulars therein stated. I took, therefore, the earliest opportunity of so doing, and had reason to think that her main statement was correct. I saw the certificate of her marriage at a very early age at Gibraltar, and others relating to her husband; with the medal

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he had received for ten general actions, in which he had been engaged.

"I heard also that she was a person of respectable character, and that her daughters had been well brought up, and were well-conducted girls. Her sons had all been in the army, and two of them were still living, one in the Coldstream Guards.

"In consequence of this report, I received, soon after, a request that I would draw on Cox and Co. for £5, and give it to her. This, I believe, was from the Duke's private purse, there being no public fund of any kind for soldiers' widows.

"After this, I received a request from the Secretary of the Privy Purse for information respecting her, and the result was £3 more.

"Since that time, I have not heard from or of her, until your application respect-

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ing her; and I fear this will not add much to your previous store of information.

"Believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your's very truly,

"J. D. BORTON.

"To the Rev. R. Cobbold."

The letters on behalf of Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager, are as follows:

"St. James's Palace,

"May 30, 1845.

"Madam,

"I am directed by Sir Henry Wheatly, to acquaint you that he is honoured with the Queen's commands to forward the enclosed Post-Office order, as a donation from her Majesty, with the expression of her Majesty's regret, that the claims upon her Majesty's private

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bounty are so numerous, they preclude any larger grant.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILBRAHAM TAYLOR.

"To Mrs. Mary Hewitt, Norwich."

"Marlborough House, Dec. 21, 1844.

"Madam,

"The Queen Dowager, having taken into consideration a memorial which has been addressed to Her Majesty, praying her assistance towards relieving your pecuniary difficulties, has commanded me to send you five pounds, as her Majesty's contribution.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM ASHLEY.

"To Mrs. Hewitt."

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These donations, for a time, greatly assisted the soldier's widow, but they could not provide for her beyond a certain time, at the expiration of which period, she had to apply again to the Board, and reported her success. She was then told that there had been no intention of taking any advantage of the private charity she had received, and, immediately upon her application, the three shillings weekly were again allowed, and have been continued up to the present time.

But the reader may exclaim, how came the Author acquainted with her history, and to take such interest in it as to give it to the public? Let the reader form his own judgment of the matter. The courage of an individual, who thought the extraordinary history of the woman worthy of notice, has led to the present publication; and, if the reader has been entertained with it, he will pardon all the minor faults of detail. The then Ex-Mayor of Norwich, Wm. Freeman,

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Esq., addressed the author in the following terms in which he made no flattering allusions to his genius, &c. &c., to induce him to undertake the task; but the very brevity of the letter, and the simplicity of the statement, induced him to do as the dictates of humanity seemed to require, and he will be happy if his work satisfies public expectation, and does but benefit the widow.

Norwich, 30th August, 1845.

"Rev. Sir,

"I enclose the memorial of a woman, whose life I think would make an interesting volume, if you would see her and hear her statements. Her address is Ten Bell Lane, Pottergate Street, just below St. Giles's Church, in this city.

"I remain, your's respectfully,

"WM. FREEMAN,

"Magistrate.

"Guildhall

"To the Rev. — Cobbold."

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The reader may wish to know how it is that the Queen Dowager has so graciously accepted the dedication of the work. The fact is, simply, that the widow again applied to Her Majesty, in October last, and, among other references, gave the name of the author, stating that he had kindly offered to publish her history, in the hope that it might benefit her. The following is,

THE WIDOW'S PETITION

TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

"May it please your Majesty to pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you. I hope your Majesty will not think me encroaching on your goodness in thus appealing to you. I am the widow you so kindly relieved last Christmas: through the loss of my husband, who provided for, and protected me forty years, I am worn down with grief and hardship, and do not know what resource to fly to. I have had the painful

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necessity of applying for parish relief, which has been worse to me than all the hardships I have endured; all they allow me is three shillings per week, for myself and youngest daughter; which has almost driven me to despair. I hope your Majesty will be pleased to take my case into your consideration again, and the prayers of the widow and orphans will for ever attend you.

Should your Majesty wish to refer to any gentlemen in the neighbourhood concerning me, I beg to mention the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Wm. Foster, Mayor of Norwich, Mr. Freeman, late Mayor, The Rev. J. D. Borton, Rector of Blofield, and the Rev. Mr. Cobbold, of Wortham, near Diss. The latter gentleman has kindly offered to publish my history, in the hope that it may benefit me.

"I remain,

"Your Majesty's Humble Servant,

"MARY HEWITT.

"Ten Bell Lane, Norwich.
"Oct. 25th, 1845."

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This petition was sent to the author, enclosed in the following letter from the Hon. William Ashley.

"Marlborough House,

"Oct. 28th.

"Sir,

"Mrs. Hewitt having, in a petition addressed to the Queen Dowager, mentioned your names as being willing to bear testimony to the truth of her statement, I am commanded to request you to state whether you can recommend her case, as deserving her Majesty's favourable consideration.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM ASHLEY.

"Be so good as to return the enclosed.

"To the Rev. Richard Cobbold."

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The following answer to this letter explains the origin of the author's acquaintance with the subject of this memoir, and the request to her Majesty with respect to the Dedication.

"Rectory, Wortham, near Diss,
"Oct. 29th, 1845.

"Sir,

"In reply to your letter concerning Mrs. Mary Hewitt, I believe her statement to be perfectly correct. In September last, I received a letter from the late Mayor of Norwich, containing a detailed account of the life of the said Mary Hewitt, and an invitation to have a personal interview with her. I went to Norwich, I saw her at Mr. Freeman's, and there received her husband's journal, and her own account of the various incidents of her eventful life.

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"I made every inquiry concerning the respectability of the woman, and took upon myself to visit her, at her humble dwelling in the city. The result of all I heard and saw, was certainly such as I thought might not prove unacceptable to the hearts of thousands of Englishwomen; and it is true that, in my leisure hours, I have been preparing her history for publication, but as yet I have not even mentioned the subject to my publisher, or to any person.

"My surprise, therefore, was great, to find that the matter had been mentioned to our ever beloved Lady, the Queen Dowager. Now that it has been so done, would it be presumption in so humble an individual as I am, to ask permission, through you, to dedicate the work to Her Majesty?

The maiden name of Mary Hewitt, was Mary

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Anne Wellington. I propose therefore to let the title of the book be,

"MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,
THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE AND WIDOW."

"Should Her Majesty wish to see the kind of writer I am, I will simply state that I am the humble author of a book, called 'Margaret Catchpole,' which I dare say has never come under Her Majesty's notice. I do not mention this to puff myself or my works, but as the simple truth.

"I have the honour to be,
"Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"RICHARD COBBOLD.

"To the Hon. Wm. Ashley."

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To this letter, the following gracious reply was received.

"To the Rev. R. Cobbold,

"Mr. W. Gillman begs to present his compliments to Mr. Cobbold, and is honoured by the commands of Queen Adelaide, to state that Her Majesty will have much satisfaction in accepting the Dedication of the proposed work, 'Mary Anne Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter, Wife, and Widow.'

"Gopsall, Atherstone,
"Nov. 10th, 1845."

But one letter more, and these pages will close. This letter was sent to the Author, by his kind friend, Page Nicol Scott, Esq., a gentleman universally esteemed in the County of Norfolk, for his talents, his unbounded philanthropy, and his

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ever willing and ready disposition to relieve the miseries of the distressed. The author's first introduction to this gentleman was so characteristic of his genuine and unaffected Christian manners, that he has infinite pleasure in recording it.

He was in search of a poor woman who lived in some obscure court in St. Benedicts, in the city of Norwich, for the purpose of conveying to her some relief from her parish. He entered Matchet's Office, to inquire his way. There stood a gentleman, a stranger to him at the time, who, looking at his watch, said:

"If you are a stranger, Sir, in Norwich, you will have some difficulty in finding the place you are inquiring for. I think I have time! Yes, I have!—If you will put yourself under my guidance I will shew you the place." And, offering the author his arm, he led him through some

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such narrow streets, lanes, allies, and thoroughfares, as perhaps no city in England, saving Norwich, can boast of, in these days of progressive improvement in roads, streets, and cities. This kind-hearted man was Page Nicol Scott, Esq., who from that day, became no more a stranger to the Author, but one whom he is proud to call his friend. From him he received the following letter, which, as it refers to the heroine of this work, may, by its insertion here, obtain pardon for the foregoing anecdote.

Norwich, 4th May, 1846.

"My dear Sir,

"As I have heard that your friend, the Rev. Richard Cobbold, is about to write the history of Mary Anne Wellington (Hewitt), I beg to inform you, I was for many years Barrack-Master at

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Gibraltar, and had the honour to be acquainted with the late Colonel White and officers of the 48th regiment, in which this poor woman was with her husband. Having heard her history as related to me by herself, I can certify that she is not an impostor. You have my entire consent to make this communication to the Rev. R. Cobbold,

"And believe me to remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Your's most truly,

"RICHARD HOCKINGS,

"Barrack-Master,

"Norwich.

"To P. N. Scott, Esq.
Norwich."

Thus, reader, are all matters concerning the production of the narrative, now laid before you. Every word has been read to the widow and her daughters, who still live in their very humble

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dwelling in the city of Norwich.* Should the author be the honoured instrument of conveying a blessing to her roof, by means of this narrative of her adventures, he will be thankful to Him who has permitted him to be so.

In that narrow dwelling, no doubt, he has already been looked upon as a messenger of comfort to the widow and her children; and, if he has done no other good, he has at least convinced her that God raises up friends to the destitute, if they will only trust in Him, even at the moment of their utmost distress; and proved to her the truth of this Divine instruction, given to all who will receive it, that,

* The direction now is, and it is necessary to be particular, on account of others of the same name residing in the same place—)

Mrs. Mary Anne Hewitt,
St. Gile's Gates, Grapes Hill,
The last Cottage in Salmon's Row,
Norwich.

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"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."*

* The Author cannot close this account without offering his thanks to many ladies and gentlemen in Norwich and its vicinity, who have so kindly visited the Widow and her daughters, and reported to him the interesting satisfaction they have experienced at the interview.

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SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

A SUPPLEMENTARY chapter is sometimes better than an introductory one; for those who pass over a preface or introduction, to get at once to the narrative, when at the end of it, seldom like the trouble of turning back to learn the circumstances which have led to the publication of the work. These, however, the reader may say, have already been sufficiently explained. If such be the case, and he fully understand the motives of the author, it would be unreasonable to ask him to proceed. Possibly, what follows, may

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contain nothing entertaining, nothing strange nothing even diversified from the common run of things; and yet it may be found neither out of character with the preceding portion of the work, nor unimportant in forming a proper estimate of it. The writer is persuaded that no subject is so entertaining to man, as the true history of man. Romance may picture strange adventures, and create much momentary excitement; yet, if truth be painted in the vivid colours of nature, it will prove much more attractive, and be far more permanent in its impressions.

"One half the world knows very little how the other half lives." Historians give but the public events of times past, as connected with the great men of the age. Even biographical sketches are often confined to the deeds of heroes or politicians; while the true feeling and spirit of their adventures are but half told. It is the same in the historical remains of ancient countries. We

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know something of the customs of Egypt from the painted hieroglyphics on her tombs; and we can form a tolerably correct idea of the elegancies of Etruria, from the beautiful drawings upon the sepulchral vases found there. Respecting the latter, Mrs. Hamilton Gray's ten thousand ingenious conjectures, the result of her visit to Tarquinia, may not be entirely without their value; but, had she discovered a letter, had she found a book—anything, which could have spoken in words, concerning the events and feelings of an age so long passed away, how infinitely more valuable and entertaining would it be considered!

Maitland's "Church in the Catacombs," also brings forward many proofs of the simplicity and truth of the early Christians, the steadfastness of their faith, and their indifference to death; but how very little do we know of their lives, conversations, and domestic habits. We learn their

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sufferings from history; from no source do we gain sufficient information of their social intercourse. Yet, if the record of the life of but one of those early Christians could be found, with his feelings set down, his conversion duly recorded, the incidents which led him to think, speak, and confess, properly related, what an interesting book it would be!

Hence it is, that the Scriptures, upon which is founded our holy Religion, and which give the life of Christ, his conversations, and his deeds, fill the soul with admiration; and will remain, till time itself shall cease, the most engaging narrative that man can read. The deeper man is interested therein, the wiser will he become; the better, happier and holier; because he must perceive the immeasurable distance there must be between the words, the life, the actions and the death of every other man, when compared with His.

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It is not the intention of the author to make his supplementary chapter a sermon. In his lonely country village, he sometimes thinks of the public events of the days in which he has lived; and, though he may have seen strange things, even in the course of his quiet stream of life, he feels that the record of some of the incidents of those stirring times in which the soldiers of his country bore so conspicuous a part, may not prove uninstructive to his readers.

The common soldier is not a mere machine, as the foregoing pages must have proved. Little is ever heard of his career in the ranks; as little of his name, or exploits, unless some very prominent event has made him unusually conspicuous; and, most assuredly, but for the superior intelligence of the soldier whose career is traced in these pages, his steady conduct, his talent, industry, and the thoughtfulness displayed in keeping a record of his feelings and

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the events of his age—his history, and that of his wife and widow, would not have been better known than that of his comrades.

He lived in dreadful times. Carnage never stained the sword a deeper red—Earth never witnessed such a succession of bloody contests, such a devastating scourge. God grant that we may never have such scenes again! The vices of men, however, must be subdued one way or another. Oh! would they might be so, by the sword of the Spirit, the Word of Love, rather than by the sword of vengeance. The severe discipline exercised in the army during the war, had it had but the effect of restraining the enormities of vice at the moment of victory, might have been a blessing; but it was mainly for the purpose of keeping the soldiers prepared for battle; and, when victory was gained, too often the vilest passions burst through every restraint.

Under any circumstances, public flogging is a detestable sight; but, carried to the length it is in

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the British army, it is horrible. Drunkenness in a private soldier, is visited with the lash. It is a great crime, and there is no lash of any number of thongs, which can make atonement for a drunkard. The soldier is flogged, he is stripped before his comrades, his commanding officer is near him, the surgeon is present; just to say how much, without danger of death, the man can bear. As if the disgrace of a few lashes were not as effectual as when the flesh is deadened by the repetition of blows; or the moral degradation of exposure not enough, until the punishment comes within an inch of death!

The common soldier is thus punished for drinking. It is an abominable vice; but the man who has suffered the lash for it, thinks the crime atoned for. Pray what does the officer deserve, when he, whose province it is to set the men under his command a good example, is

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seen staggering into his barracks, and led by a few of his less inebriated brother officers to bed, the victim of some jovial carouse, where, amidst spirits as high and wild as his own, he has felt himself obliged to conform to the rules of the society of which he is a member?

Is the gallant officer led to the halberts?—If the private deserve one hundred lashes, what amount of stripes ought to be accorded to the man who commands him, if he be guilty of the same offence? He is a man of education—a man who knows better—a man who ought to have a higher character! But, and this is the great argument, he is a man of tenderer skin; and therefore, whenever he has disgraced himself more flagrantly than usual, is quietly permitted to sell out, or dismissed the service!

Flogging is a horrible system, and answers as little in the army as it does anywhere else. Carried to the extent it is, it must soon be put

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a stop to. If man be not treated as a moral agent, there is no corporal punishment that will ever reform him. The army is but a school of discipline, preparatory to future action; like a school of education, wherein boys are prepared for entering upon the duties of life.

Reader, take the following narrative as relating solemn facts. It may serve to show how cruelty degrades the energies of the human mind, and how kindness and forbearance elevate and encourage them; how high-spirited genius may be crushed by severity, and encouraged by generosity. Read, and you will not wonder that flogging should be detested by the author of these pages.

At seven years old, Timidus was sent to one of the public schools of England. He was a boy of nervous disposition, lively in his play-hours, but not particularly bright in school. He had been accustomed to kind parental and instructive

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discipline at home; and, at seven years old, knew more of history, sacred and profane, than he did at twenty. Nevertheless, he must buckle down to the discipline of the Grammar-School;—verbs, substantives, syntax and prosody, must be learnt. He boards with an English master, and goes to the great foundation of Edward the Sixth, of pious memory. Flogging is the system of the school, and Timidus soon kicks under the abominable lash, because he cannot do his exercise. The little fellow has a very bad character, for stupidity, and returns, vacation after vacation, more ignorant than when he left his intelligent mother's instruction. The lady takes upon herself, (ye good, dear mothers! never do the like), to write and expostulate with the head-master, and to express a hope that more attention may be paid to her son. More attention is immediately paid; the rod is doubly plied, the lash more perseveringly adminis-

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tered; and the boy's agony is increased by the cruel words thrown in his teeth at the time of punishment, "Your mother requested that I would pay you particular attention!"

You, who loved and love your mother, tell me, was not this cutting a poor boy to the quick? That boy's pillow was wet with tears; a nervous disease afflicted his body, and he became a stupid, heavy-hearted, as well as thick-headed lad, and wes flogged by both masters, English and Classical, till he cared not what he did, how he learnt his lessons, or whether he learnt them at all. Nothing but his affection for his mother, his reverence for his father, and his love for his many brothers and sisters, prevented him from running away from home, and casting himself upon the wide world—a deserter!

Timidus was completely hardened to corporal punishment; he always expected to be flogged, was seldom disappointed, and dragged on eight

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years of such severity of discipline at that school, as, had not God's providential goodness taken him away from it, would not have left him alive to tell his tale. Some cause or other, beneath God's overruling power, induced his parents to send him to a Grammar-School in another part of the kingdom. Heaven did indeed shine upon him there—beneath the smiles of an intelligent, good man, who perceived the wreck of intellect which remained after years of intolerable tyranny. Timidus was soon sent up to that master to be flogged, and might have deserved chastisement as much as he formerly did; but he perceived the disposition of the boy; he knew that flogging had been the boy's ruin—he touched him not. 'Go your way, Timidus, said he, you will know better one day!" Not once, but many times was the forbearance of this good man thus displayed, his plan of conduct being fixed upon a principle which he felt would never fail.

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Heaven be thanked, the voice of love touched the heart of Timidus. He gained courage, felt the fostering hand of protection, was soon cheered by the *reward!* (aye, after ten years of degradation, with the reward of well doing). He rose! his books became his delight; his soul was gradually strengthened, his abilities, his senses, his joyous youthful ardour, returned to him; he was afterwards distinguished for his application, and lived and lives to curse the system of flogging, and to say that, carried to the extent that he has known it, it is contrary to *Christ and his Religion*; let any man produce, if he can, a stronger argument for its abolition.

The present narrative does not present the reader with any of those disgusting scenes to which allusion has been made. Enough of horrors may be found herein without the harrowing details which stain the pages of

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our public journals in these times of peace. Should soldiers read these pages, let them not imagine that the author is desirous of doing away with rational discipline. Obedience, in whatever station of life, is our bounden duty; and, whatever sufferings a man may be compelled to endure, he is a happy fellow, be he whom he may, if he endure them patiently, knowing that he suffers wrongfully; and he is a wise one who, when punished for his faults, does not set authority at defiance, but amends beneath correction.

The brave man who, after many years of hardship, died in poverty, has left sons in the British army, who will certainly read the pages of their parent's history. They are both soldiers from choice, preferring to follow, as many sons do, their father's profession: they will make good and respected members of society, if they follow the even tenour of their father's career. Experience

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has already taught them the pleasure of obedience, in the respect they have gained from their officers and comrades.

Nothing in these pages will, I trust, diminish the respectability of their position. The whole object of this work has been to shew the providential protection of those, who, though serving in the army, did not forget to serve God faithfully, and to obey the dictates of humanity.

Can any man have read the foregoing pages, and not have traced therein the finger which pointed to God-ward? How providentially things were ordered for *his* welfare who never deserted his duty?

It may be said, that enough has not been related concerning the Soldier's Widow. Why should more be stated? It is enough for her to know that she is such—it is enough to know, that she is living in poverty, after years of toil and anxiety. If my readers would know more of her

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let them visit her humble dwelling in the city of Norwich.

The author's object in writing these pages. is Charity. If he has elicited any sympathy, he is thankful. If he has done any good, he is still more so. And, if those in authority, and those under authority, are satisfied with his exertions, he will feel the less concern for the errors into which he may have unintentionally fallen, while bringing under their attention the history of Mary Anne Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter, Wife, and Widow.

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There can be no question that the "Memoirs of the Reign of George II." far exceed in public interest any of the numerous productions of the same accomplished pen. The writer was in a position either to observe the extraordinary events then occurring, or to command intelligence from the most secret sources. Known as the son of the ablest minister the age produced (Sir Robert Walpole) and having many of his nearest friends and relatives members at different periods either of the government or of the opposition, it is impossible to imagine an individual more favourably circumstanced to record the stirring scenes and great events that made the reign of George II. so remarkable. But to these advantages must be added a talent in portraying the characteristics of his contemporaries, and a vivacity in describing the scenes in which they figured so conspicuously, in which he is without a rival.

"The intimacy which," as Lord Holland most truly observes in his

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introduction to this work, "the author enjoyed with many of the chief personages of the times, and what he calls his propensity to faction, made him acquainted with the most secret intrigues and negotiations of parties," and his lordship goes on to state that the period of which he treats is a part of our history little known to us, yet well deserving our curiosity, as it forms a transition from the expiring struggles of Jacobitism to the more important contests that have since engaged and still occupy our attention. "His account of parliamentary debates alone," he adds, "would be a valuable addition to our history." On the same subject the author himself says in the postscript to these memoirs, "For the facts, such as were not public, I received them chiefly from my father and Mr. Fox, both men of veracity; and some from communication with the Duke of Bedford at the very time they were in agitation. I am content to rest their authenticity on the sincerity of such men. The speeches I can affirm, nay, of every one of them, to be still more authentic, as I took notes at the time, and have delivered the arguments just as I heard them."

It may be as well to remind the reader that the reign of George II. was rendered memorable by the dawning of the greatness of Pitt, and the minority of George III.; by the struggles of the grandson of James II., commonly called "The Young Pretender," to win back the forfeited throne of the Stuarts; by the opposition to the reigning king of his son Frederick Prince of Wales; by the remarkable trial and execution of Admiral Byng, and the no less celebrated court-martial on Lord George Sackville; by the splendid victories of Wolfe in America, and Lord Clive in India; the capture of Cherbourg, the acquisition of Cape Breton, and the naval triumphs of Boscawen, Howe, Hawke, Watson, Vernon, and Saunders. The most distinguished of contemporary sovereigns were Frederick the Great, Louis XV., Augustus King of Saxony, the Czarina Elizabeth, and the Empress Maria Theresa; and in consequence of the interest George II. took in his Hanoverian dominions, the English were continually engaged in the war then raging in Germany, in which these sovereigns were involved.

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